

COUNTRY NOTES



OF all the means of conveying military intelligence to the public the most acceptable is the old one of publishing the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief. Those which have recently come from Sir John French are admirable in every way—modest and quiet in their tone, lucid in exposition and generous in the allotment of praise to those who have distinguished themselves in the operations. The story narrated is one of very great hardship and difficulty at the outset. General Joffre, it is now apparent, played a deep and difficult game. The fact is that France and Great Britain were both unprepared for war, and the advance into Belgium was not made in sufficient force. Thus the Armies were forced back and the triumph they achieved was that of conducting an orderly retreat in the most unfavourable circumstances. What we like most about the French general is his refusal to take the opportunity of a temporary success for the purpose of beginning an offensive that would probably have been premature. In due time he announced the long desired change of tactics, and the German Army, to its evident astonishment, was first checked and then forced in its turn to retire.

In connection with the despatches of Sir John French, it is very interesting to read the diary of a German officer as published by the Press Bureau on Saturday. This officer evidently did not desire publication, but wrote for his own satisfaction or that of his friends a frank and truthful description of the progress of the war as it appeared to him. One of the most interesting passages in it runs as follows: "We found an order from General Joffre to the Commander of the Second French Corps telling him to hold the position at all costs and saying that it was the last card. It was probably the best one too." During the earlier days of the campaign this officer put on record his disapprobation of the looting that went on, but, on the whole, campaigning was not unpleasant. A change came towards the end of August, after which the state of the German Army seems to have gone from bad to worse. "I am convinced that this country will give us all a grave" is one of the last entries in the diary.

We have extremely little sympathy with the far too lavish use of the words "hero" and "heroic" in this war. The very slightest excuse seems to be enough to cause the placards of the evening papers to burst forth with such phrases as "Heroic Defence," "Heroic Action of Two British Soldiers," and so on. The word "hero" should be used with reserve, so as to retain its value. Only those who use it with restraint can apply it with full meaning to Captain Cecil H. Fox, who commanded the light cruiser *Undaunted* in the recent action. His nerves must be made of iron and his courage invincible. When his first ship, the *Amphion*, was blown up by a submarine while it was endeavouring to rescue some of those who escaped from the German mine-layer, the *Königin Luise*, he was rescued in an unconscious condition. Nevertheless, within three days he was again on active service, as full of spirit as he had been before. The action on Saturday must have been extremely well planned, and it was carried out with a thoroughness that more than justifies the confidence we all feel in the British Navy. It achieved the result of destroying four hostile destroyers at a loss to ourselves which cannot be described in other words than trivial. There were no dead and only five wounded, while the injury

to the cruiser and its attendant destroyers was extremely slight. Captain Fox is entitled to a place with General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and General Sir Douglas Haig as one of the heroes of the war.

With the attacks that have been made on Mr. Winston Churchill we cannot profess to see any strong grounds for sympathy. If a mistake was made the error was on the right side. Every Englishman would rather see the First Lord of the Admiralty sin through over-boldness than from excessive caution, and let it be remembered that Belgium was in a position to call out every chivalrous feeling in the nation. The gallantry of her defence only made her misfortunes the more pathetic. She had every right to expect that both France and England would come to her rescue, and no doubt they would have done so had it been at all possible. But the Kaiser had so thoroughly prepared for war that he took the French at a disadvantage, and they were driven back from Belgium, with the result that the British troops had also to join in the general retirement. Under these circumstances it was more according to the traditions of our Navy that we should risk something for the chance of extricating Belgium than that we should sit tamely by and acquiesce in the surrender of Antwerp without as much as a protesting word. It would have been unlike a First Lord of the Admiralty who has achieved undying fame for hard courage, energy and ability, if he had not tried even a forlorn hope to save the capital of our allies.

CARTER'S SONG.

Up the broad cart-track
Green with gorse and thistle,
Down and up, there and back,
Whistle, whistle, whistle!
Plodding on the high-road
Heavily I go,
While the singing poplars
Watch me in a row,
All along the hedgerows,
Standing left and right,
By sunshine, moonbeam
Or lanthorn light.

In and out of season
When the fruit hangs ruddy
All the apple trees on
And the roads are muddy.
Or when Winter blows
With his red lips rough,
Still I sings and goes
Merrily enough.
Whistle, whistle, whistle!
That's the proper way;
Sorrow, if you whistle loud enough,
Won't last a day!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

"And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by from this day to the ending of the world, but we in it shall be remembered." This gallant prophecy, put into the mouth of Henry V. by Shakespeare, is in no danger of being falsified this year. The feast of the shoemakers' saint occurs on October 25th, and by a curious chance our army is at the moment conducting military operations in the very district where Henry V. achieved his great triumph. Happily, his foes of that day are now our closest allies. The anniversary is kept therefore less as a triumph than as an assurance that the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift. The English soldiers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries achieved a renown equal to that of the English sailors in the sixteenth century. Pessimists of the next generation pointed to decay, but their dismal forebodings never came true. Nelson's naval glory eclipsed that of the Elizabethans and the fighting of the soldiers under Wellington could compare with the conduct of the troops of the most heroic periods of history. And now, at this late period, when, in the opinion of her detractors, the decay of Great Britain should be complete, behold the soldiers under Sir John French fight with a tenacity never surpassed.

Very great regret must be felt for the outbreak of violence at Deptford on Saturday night, when several houses and shops belonging to persons of German nationality were wrecked by the mob. It is the first blot on the chivalry with which

this country has carried on this war, and, even so, the outbreak is not comparable to the savage attack made by the Berliners on the Russian and British Ambassadors on the declaration of war. In contrast to that rude, inhospitable display was the courteous and considerate manner in which the Diplomatic representatives of Germany and Austria were escorted from our shores. In actual warfare, although we and our Allies have been attacked by methods condemned by every civilised community, such as the use of mines on trade routes, the dropping of bombs on open cities, private houses, cathedrals and other civic buildings, our airmen, whose intrepidity has evoked general admiration, have scrupulously refrained from attempting to drop explosives where they could possibly injure the civil population. It will be noticed that even the Germans, in the recital of acts of barbarism done by other countries, have not been able to secure the pretence of anything of the kind having been done by Englishmen.

Mob law never has been, and we hope never will be, tolerated in this country. Yet the Germans must admit that they have done everything in their power to provoke it. The immediate cause of the rioting at Deptford was the arrival of a band of Belgian refugees. Nothing could be more calculated to arouse pity than the appearance of these wretched and innocent victims, and to stir a righteous anger against the authors of their misfortune. Further than that, our own Ministers, including Mr. McKenna, do not seem to realise the indignation of the populace against the wholesale system of espionage which has been created by our enemy. Englishmen will take a beating in fair fight with any nationality in the world, but the treacherous attack by spies who have fattened on the hospitality of this country provokes them beyond endurance. The incident will, no doubt, lead to the due punishment of those who took a part in it, but we hope it will also have the effect of causing the Government to take adequate measures for rendering impossible the spying which has been prevalent since the beginning of the war.

Our readers will learn with very great regret of the death of Captain Aymer Maxwell, who was killed in action at Antwerp on October 8th, and they will read with a sad interest the note by the Hon. Douglas Cairns which appears in our shooting page. Mr. Cairns emphasises the fact that Captain Maxwell was a sportsman who was still more a student of ornithology. He loved watching birds far more than killing game. He was also very fond of dogs and took a keen interest in the retriever trials. To Mr. Cairns' intimate little note we may add that Captain Maxwell wrote a most charming account of the woodcock for the new edition of our shooting book, and proofs were actually sent to him just about forty-eight hours before he left for the front. Those who know his work on "Partridge Manors" and "Pheasants and Covert Shooting" will understand how much value we attach to his contribution. Apart from all that, Captain Maxwell belonged to the best type of sportsman produced in Great Britain. His death is a great loss, but it could not have been more honourable.

In spite of the war it seems likely that the publishing season is going to be rather more interesting than usual. A probable reason is that a considerable amount of editing and selection has been done, with the result that much of the usual rubbish is cleared out and publishers have chosen for immediate issue only those books which they consider of real interest and importance. In poetry several books of moment are announced, the most important in our opinion being Mrs. Violet Jacob's "Songs of Angus." It will be a very little book, consisting almost exclusively of those extremely remarkable poems in the Scottish dialect which have appeared in our pages. We are also promised a volume by Mr. W. H. Davies, which ought to be welcome. In history and biography many of the books issued have a bearing more or less direct on the war. At any rate, it may be surmised that "The Life and Works of Treitschke" and a new book on Nietzsche would not have been promised but for the conspicuous position occupied by these authors in modern Germany, while in direct war literature there are, of course, many books promised.

We take a peculiar pleasure in showing on pages 548-9 of this issue some of the designs for a little garden submitted in a competition promoted by our contemporary, the *Garden*. They will be found very useful by that large number of enthusiastic gardeners who for one reason or another are not

able to command the space needed for the lawns, terraces and enclosures of one of those noble adjuncts to a country house described by Bacon in his majestic prose nearly three hundred years ago, and since then laid out and cherished by the side of many a stately English home. No one need despair of attaining a good effect because the ground is limited. If the great garden be likened to an epic poem, then the little one is a lyric, and the owner of it may comfort himself by remembering that perfection in a song of six verses is as attainable as in six cantos. He who owns a little garden has the advantage that he may know and care for every plant. Much of his work must be that of his own hands. If he will but remember that not by inspiration alone does any artist express his individuality, but that in every art knowledge of technique must accompany talent or genius, he may find in his little garden room enough for the exercise of a fine horticultural skill.

Maurice Maeterlinck has never appeared to greater advantage than he does in the splendid tribute to King Albert which he has contributed to our contemporary the *Daily Chronicle*. It is a noble piece of writing of which anyone might be proud, but still more it is animated with a generous and noble spirit of patriotism. The most matter of fact of us can see that the King of the Belgians has played a resolute and manly part in this conflict. In contrast with foes who have avowedly placed selfish and worldly interests before all other considerations, he has preferred for himself as well as his country the hard and difficult path of honour to the easier one of dishonour. And he has done so with his whole heart, fighting side by side with the soldiers, for whom he has ever had a cheering word and heartening example. But it is the distinction of M. Maeterlinck that he is able to see and to set forth all the finenesses of the sacrifices King Albert has made. The dramatist bitterly complained at the beginning that he was too old to go to war, but the service he is performing with his pen far transcends that which he could possibly have achieved in the ranks. Somehow the incident recalls, without exactly fitting it, the fine line used by Milton, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE EVE OF ALL SOULS, 1914.

I have set wide my door; across the heath
The brown leaves flutter, borne on autumn's breath,
Soft mist enfolds me like a clinging shroud,
And yonder, o'er the pines, serene and proud
In lucent sky there shines one lonely star
Where golden lakes and sapphire waters are.

My hearth smoke rises and my candles flame,
My prayer goes ever upward, on his name
I whispering call: "Belov'd, 'tis All Souls' Eve,
Come to me once and this my woe relieve,
Come home to me, belov'd, who died for home!
Forsake thy hero's Paradise and come."

The dusk has deepened. Hark! a lone owl's cry,
When angels pass, this on swift wings must fly;
There is a sound, a stir among the trees,
A strange, new Peace wakes in my heart, and these
Sad eyes that long have wept their tears away,
Enlightened gaze upon the realms of Day.

MABEL LEIGH.

Not least of the splendid surprises produced by Russia in the course of this war is the Imperial movement towards temperance. In the Czar's dominions the increasing drink bill for long has offered a menace to progress, and it has often been argued by politicians that the evil is irremediable because the Imperial revenue depended upon it. The sale of vodka is a Government monopoly. Nevertheless, by a wise and resolute prohibition, the Czar has at one stroke of his pen surrendered the huge income derived from this traffic and enforced abstinence upon his subjects. Outsiders could not believe that he either would or could perform such a feat. Nevertheless, there it is. Russia stands forth as a fighting power cleansed and sober. Nor is its dependence placed upon authority only. The Grand Duke, who is in command of the armies, is setting an example to all the soldiers at the front by abolishing intoxicants from his table. The Russian peasant soldiers would have respected the Czar in any case for a command which is so obviously meant for their physical and spiritual benefit, but to lay upon his household the same self-denying ordinance that he enforces upon them is a claim to their love as well as to their allegiance.

SOLDIERS AT ST. ALBANS.

IN normal time the city of St. Alban, as it is accurately named on the Rural District Council water carts, acts as an ancillary neighbour to London, from which it is separated only by a railway journey of twenty-five minutes. Every morning it sends out a great tide of citizens, carried in successive train-waves to the Stock Exchange, the banks, shops and factories of the metropolis, and every night this flood ebbs back to its homes. Save for this daily ebb and flow, it is a peaceful country town where women with young children on sunny days sit on the doorstep and life goes on very quietly. Yet twice a week a break occurs. On Wednesdays there is an agricultural market and on Saturdays one for the sale of provisions and flowers. One is for farmers, the other for housekeepers. On Wednesday morning sheep and cattle and pigs are driven in to the market place, and with them come the ruddy, sturdy Hertfordshire farmers, hard men to buy and sell with, yet hearty and jovial, exchanging plenty of chaff and witticism as they haggle over the prices for steers and hogs. On Saturdays there is less of the purely country atmosphere, but the market is more amusing. Carts arrive early in the morning bringing

from places as far away as Dunstable the flowers and garden plants of the season, so that the square on which they are set out becomes for the nonce a town garden. But the great feature is the rows of stalls laden with provisions—rabbits and fish and roasts of beef and lumps of bacon. The judicious country wife can be seen making her choice and stowing her purchases into a huge bag with which presently she will trudge to her farm cottage. The city possesses a famous town band, which discourses sweet music to the public on Christmas Eve and other holidays and occasions, and the Cathedral bells note the flying hours and deliver the message, "Come all to church, good people. Good people, come and pray."

But immediately war broke out the character of the city underwent a complete change. Martial music, the tuck of drum, the swinging marching tunes of the regimental bands and the wailing of the fife broke in on the chiming of the bells. Khaki became a familiar colour in the streets as detachments marched briskly through square and market place. The golf course exchanged the ardent rivals of Colonel Bogey for squads at drill, the



FRUIT IN KEEN DEMAND.



A SMILE IN THE RANKS.

region of the first hole was occupied by baggage wagons, trains of artillery appeared in Gorhambury Park. Instead of ecclesiastical functions, reviews became the chief events, bringing celebrities of the greatest distinction to St. Albans. These included His Majesty King George, Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts, spry and martial in spite of his years. There are no barracks or other public buildings capable of lodging the army of Territorials and Regulars, the Horse, Foot and Artillery sent to learn their drill and exercises in the parks and other open spaces. Billeting on a large scale had to be adopted, and thus the civil inhabitants were compelled to make very intimate acquaintance with the military. The happiest results have followed. At first the Cathedral city was a little bit inclined to regard the advent of troops as not altogether an unmixed blessing, but the young soldiers quickly managed to win their way into favour. In the first place their general conduct has been above reproach. Everybody is talking of the great advance made by the Army both in morals and manners during the last few years. Some attribute it to the spread of education, others to Lord Kitchener's famous message; but whatever be its cause, the result is most satisfactory. Drink and women are the temptations usually associated with a garrison town. As to the former, it is still a considerable exaggeration to talk as some do of a teetotal army, but the inhabitants remark that they have never seen a drunken soldier in the street; and in regard to the second count, the type which may be called the "garrison girl" has

not yet been developed under the shadow of the Cathedral. It would, of course, be absurd to pretend that the behaviour of each individual is equally excellent. There are good and bad in the New Army as everywhere else. But a very fine public opinion has been developed among the soldiers themselves, and it is obvious that those inclined to rowdyism do not go on, for the simple reason that they receive no encouragement from their companions. Much, too, is attributable to the presence in the ranks of highly educated, perfectly mannered, and even monied young men. Under ordinary conditions they, if they entered the Army, would have done so as officers. With splendid patriotism they took a place in the ranks and, probably without consciously trying to do anything of the kind, exert a most beneficial influence over the others.



WELL MET! A HUNTING ACQUAINTANCE.



A NOVEL COMPANY IN FRENCH ROW.

The spirit of loyalty extends with them to small things as well as great. At a certain house an officer is billeted with his orderly, and the latter has won everybody's heart for the good-hearted alacrity with which he will do anything needed by the household—chop firewood, clean knives, lay the table, or even black boots—never stopping for an instant to ask if the performance of such menial services is in the contract. Yet he is a rich man, who before entering had servants to do all this for him, and would have them again if he left the Army. But the billeted men have earned golden opinions all round for their obliging readiness to lend a hand at household work. That they are "better than any servants" is a common expression.

Yet these are trifles compared to the effect on the men themselves. I remember my first close acquaintance with them. A large infantry detachment had been marched out by the sinuous Hertfordshire lanes to a point at which

they were to rest before returning. It was one of those hot, broiling days of which we had so many late in August and early in September. The majority of the men were so tired, they looked like sinking under their kit. Marching is much too dignified a word to describe their going. They were in fours, to be sure, but numbers were out of step. Tunics were unbuttoned, hats off, mouths open, rifles held by those who were obviously experimenting to find out the easiest way, so that the appearance of the men might have suggested that they had just got out of a bad scrap. A fat N.C.O. was heard to mutter as he passed: "Lumme, this will be my death!" They were taken to a grass field, on which they sank exhausted and drank water in bucketfuls. On inquiry I found they were Territorials from a thickly populated part of the East End, and their pallid skins and dull eyes proclaimed the fact.

A month later I saw the same men on a day equally hot, and what a difference! They were again towards the end of a long march and many miles from town, but were striding along at a good five miles an hour, figures erect, shoulders squarer than before, their faces tanned to a healthy brown, their muscles loosened by Swedish drill, and all having that air of rude health which comes from constant work and

for the approach of the foe, fighting if the latter comes in strength, scudding off under cover of the nearest hedgerow if hopelessly outnumbered. This is playing the great war game with the knowledge that in all human probability the skill acquired will be necessary for the interests of the Army and essential to the saving of his own skin. It is at once preparation for field work and another method of gaining health and efficiency. After a couple of months those well set up young men look as if they would in future be wholly out of place in the streets and factories from which they were originally drawn.

Of no less importance is the mental discipline. Some were in no particular need of it. One can see individuals who have obviously played organised games in which obedience to the captain and co-operative work for the side and not for the individual's glory are inculcated, but others have been brought up without such aid. It is a new lesson, and one they have learned promptly, that in a town where they are strangers of brief sojourn, it devolves upon them to act like gentlemen. The experience of the city has tended to produce quick appreciation of this. Like many other small towns, St. Albans has been periodically invaded for the last two or three years by the tripper, who takes advantage of the



TOMMY TAKES A KEEN INTEREST IN A "DEAL."

exercise in the open air, accompanied by good and sustaining food. On the former occasion they had been quiet, but on this they alternately whistled and sang a variety of music-hall tunes. It was impossible to resist the conclusion that whether they went into the Army or not, the month's training had produced a splendid effect.

I do not write as a military expert, but as one who has watched with interest the means taken to mould the raw material into that splendidly finished product—the British Army. Hard marching has made them fit and given them health and swing, and they have had also to accustom themselves to spring out of bed at any hour of the night or morning, ready for despatch on a long tramp. Sometimes they are permitted to enliven the air with the regimental whistle, and sometimes when the expedition is secret the recruit is to be met, an uncanny figure stealing in small detachments along a secluded and tortuous lane, keeping to the grass between the footpath and the hedge so that his appearance is shaded by foliage and his footsteps deadened. In this way he is taught to approach or to scout unseen and unheard. Often in daylight he may be seen performing similar operations; watching at some gate or field-path

new omnibus service. No doubt many amiable and worthy citizens adopt this means of obtaining fresh air and change at the week-end, but with them come others of a too familiar type—young men who think it smart to make remarks upon the girls they meet in the street, who stare rudely through the windows of private houses and walk into private gardens. The cheap restaurants they patronise become most disagreeable owing to their lack of manners and even decency. It is a common remark that the soldiers are a vast improvement on these. Some may be putting a check on their habits and inclinations, but if so, all the more honour to them. On duty, of course, good behaviour in this respect is obligatory, but off duty, when they are mingling in the miscellaneous crowd of a lively little town, their conduct is such as to reflect the very greatest credit on the New Army.

Finally, they have to give up any practice they may have got into of loafing about at night. When the hour of ten tolls from the cathedral clock it is the signal for lights out. The soldier retires to his billet, sentries are set and the street grows very quiet, except that one hears a challenging "Who goes there?" when a forbidden point is approached.

High military critics have asserted that the country never has possessed better material for an army than the young recruits now under training, and whether that be so or not, it is indisputable that the work already done has had the effect of changing thousands of raw, ungainly, uncouth lads into efficient, self-reliant, resourceful men. It has transformed them from indifferent into excellent citizens.

CIVIS.

CANADIAN HORSES.

THE news that a very considerable addition to our horse supply is coming to this country from Canada makes the subject of Canadian horse breeding of considerable interest at the present time. Some years ago I had had occasion to study this subject with care. From the various Canadian agencies and horse breeding associations I collected a large number of facts, and the conclusion I arrived at after this study of Canadian horse breeding and its results was that Canada was destined to take a leading place among the horse producing countries of the world. In the New World affairs move quickly, and in the years that have passed by since first I wrote on the subject the Canadian horse breeders have made great strides, both on the scientific and commercial sides of the raising of horses. This is shown by the fact that the Canadians have now been able not only to mount their own Expeditionary and Home Armies, but to provide the English Army with a large number of remounts.

and leaving a number of sound, hardy horses. But the Canadian breeders soon set to work to improve their horses. More capital was invested in horse breeding. The mares were selected, stallions of the best breeds were imported, and shelter, food and fencing were provided. Naturally, in an agricultural country like Canada draught horses were needed, and to-day some of the Canadian Clydesdales are worthy to stand alongside the Old Country's best. Canada has, in fact, eight flourishing breed societies for working in the interest of draught, hackney and light horses and ponies. To turn to the saddle horses. By 1876 Canada had evolved a hunter which caused an English visitor to note the combined boldness, cleverness and stoutness of the Canadian horse. In the same year 1,000 horses were sent to Liverpool, and, as I happen to know, some of the hunters did well over English hunting countries. About the same time a demand arose in Belgium for Canadian horses of hunter type. As to their ponies, although they breed many harness ponies with action, yet they have had success with polo ponies. None of us will forget Mr. Buckmaster's Bendigo, which came from Canada, and was as perfect a pony in manners, speed and courage as has ever been seen on an English polo ground. When I was making enquiries about Canadian horses, I was told that of those that were sent to England as hunters, not one went wrong. They are hard horses and sound horses, just what are wanted here. Their blood is good, for the Canadians have always imported and used horses of good strains. That the Canadian horse is of the right sort we learn by the fact that some of the choicest of American trotters have Canadian strains in their pedigrees. Such is the progress of the Canadian horses from their half-wild ancestors onward. X.



W. A. Rouch.

JERRY M. BY WALMSGATE—LUMINARY.

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The horses of Canada have, naturally, a common origin with those of America and particularly with those of Massachusetts and Kentucky. The original horses of the New World were of Spanish and Dutch importation, but in 1630 the first English horses were imported by Governor Winthrop into Massachusetts. Seventeen years later the first English horse was brought into Canada. Canada possesses in the North-West splendid possibilities for horse-breeding, a soil with plenty of limestone and a dry and invigorating climate; then, there is good pasture. In the early days of the Colony there were large herds of horses on the ranches, which, like those of the Argentine, doubtless made good foundation stock, the half-wild life eliminating the weaker

A FAMOUS 'CHASER.

JERRY M. was one of those horses whose curious name indicated to the general public a four-footed individuality, and his death, owing to the accidental breaking of a leg in the stable, is regarded as a genuine loss. It occurred with dramatic closeness to the passing away of the horse's distinguished owner, the late Sir C. Assheton-Smith, whose son is now reported as having fallen in the war. Jerry M. won the Grand National in 1912, and was runner-up to Jenkinson in 1910. Mr. Rouch's charming vignette shows what an aristocrat among horses has been lost.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

MOLLY'S RECRUIT.

BY
E. R. PUNSHON.



THE light of resolve was in her eye, the flush of stern determination on her cheek. The family might well have taken alarm.

For these were not uncommon signs, but instead continued to eat its breakfast unconcernedly. Helping herself to another lump of sugar and some more marmalade, Molly announced, "We must do what we can: it's our duty."

"If you mean Sunday School again," observed her second sister, "the Vicar says he won't let you have another class when you always resign at the end of three months."

"I don't, it was six months," retorted Molly, hotly, "and why shouldn't I read fairy stories in class if I like? It's ever so much more interesting than the stuffy old catechism."

"Oh, Molly, hush," exclaimed her mother, horrified—it was seldom she got through breakfast without being horrified, but this was even worse than usual.

"Well, it is," declared Molly, "and, besides, I didn't mean Sunday School at all—I mean the Nation."

She paused to enjoy the effect of this announcement, but no one seemed to notice, though her mother said "Yes, dear," encouragingly, at the same time carelessly moving the sugar basin out of Molly's reach.

"The Nation," Molly repeated, eyeing the sugar basin wistfully, for there were only two lumps in her tea and she liked three. "Every man is needed," she asserted.

"Well, we aren't men," said Molly's first sister. "Are we?"

"Worse luck," sighed Molly; "but listen, this is what the paper says, 'No girl should be seen in the company of any young man out of uniform.'"

"There is no doubt," pronounced Molly's first sister, as a connoisseur pronouncing judgment, "that three men out of four look heaps and heaps better in uniform—any uniform."

"Silly," said Molly, "that's not a bit what it means—it means patriotism and being heroes and—and things like that."

"It means," said the youngest sister, who spoke seldom, but often to the point, "that when you want to flirt, you ought to pick a man in uniform—any uniform."

"I trust," said their mother, severely, "that my girls never flirt."

"Oh no, mummy, no, oh no!" said the four in chorus, round eyed all of them, and the youngest added thoughtfully: "All the same, it is perfectly true that a man in uniform is a man improved."

"It seems to me," said their mother, still more severely, "that this conversation—"

"Yes, mummy, so do I," interposed Molly, hurriedly. "I think it's perfectly awful when the Country needs help. You three girls"—she surveyed them with contempt as though that they were girls was bad enough, but that they should be three was altogether intolerable—"can go on as usual, but I mean to help."

"Only last week," said their mother, still severely, "I offered to teach you to knit socks, and you said you had promised to play tennis."

"Yes, I know," answered Molly, regretfully, "but I had promised and I had to keep my word."

"Mother could teach you now," said the youngest sister. "Couldn't you, mums?"

"Certainly," agreed their mother.

"Oh, thanks so awfully," said Molly, with a vicious frown at the youngest sister that meant revenge sooner or later, "but I want to make a suggestion. The paper says every woman ought to bring in a recruit. Let us," she said, simply, "each bring in a recruit."

There was a pause. Molly's suggestions were often somewhat surprising, but this one really did seem a little—just a little

"Or two. Or a lot," she added, calmly.

"We aren't Mormons," protested the youngest sister with some apparent irrelevance.

"My dearest girls—" began their mother.

"Mums," interposed Molly, "this is for Our Country—Duty calls."

"Can curates enlist?" asked the second sister, carelessly.

"Children, children," protested their mother.

"Mums," said Molly, rising to her feet, "when her country calls, can any woman hesitate?" She turned to her sisters. "Girls," she said, with the calm of a noble and a fixed resolve, "girls, we must think what we are going to wear."

"Yes, indeed," they all answered together, moving in a body towards the door.

"Suppose," remarked the youngest sister—trust her for seeing difficulties in the way—"suppose we all fix on the same young man?"

"Don't be so vulgar," Molly rebuked her, loftily, "we don't want young men as though we were housemaids. We want recruits. Besides, we can all choose one first. I thought I'd begin with that young Teddy Burns; I'm sure he ought to go."

There was a pause. Molly looked superbly, splendidly, magnificently unconscious. Her youngest sister said in a loud whisper: "She's picked the best looking young man in the place."

"And you," Molly added, fixing her youngest sister with a severe eye, "you can begin with Mr. Simmonds."

"Mr. Simmonds," gasped the youngest sister, reeling beneath the blow. "Why, he's married."

"What does that matter?" asked Molly, coldly. "Married men are accepted."

"Did you ever—ever—" began the youngest sister, appealing desperately to the other two sisters; but they prudently faded away, fearing whom Molly might assign them to if she were further roused.

"Mr. Simmonds, indeed!" said the youngest sister, bitterly.

But Molly was not listening to her protests, for when once Molly's mind was made up nothing ever altered it—at least, not for several hours. Wearing her Shantung frock, her newest hat patriotically trimmed in red, white and blue, and her very best suede gloves, Molly duly sallied forth to intercept the unsuspecting Teddy Burns, who, indeed, if all were known, would have been only too willing to be intercepted—who would, indeed, have waited day and night for the mere chance. It was in a lane near the station that Molly cut him off, and he could hardly believe in his luck when he saw her coming towards him. He moved across to her, and she was so startled and surprised when she saw him, a little cry escaped her.

"Why, Mr. Burns," she exclaimed, "is that you?"

He admitted it, and, indeed, denial would have been useless. He remarked that it was a fine day. Molly agreed that it was a fine day. He observed that the weather was keeping up wonderfully. She expressed her assent to this proposition also. The conversation then languished. Molly seemed deep in thought. Mr. Burns searched wildly for something to say, but could think of nothing worthy of the occasion. Molly, glancing up carelessly, let her eyes for one brief moment meet his. Instantly he burst into a profuse perspiration. Molly, perceiving that he was perturbed and gratified by the fact, expressed the opinion that it looked like rain. He agreed with her warmly. She then asked if there were any news, and he answered that he had heard the tennis tournament was to be chucked.

"I meant," said Molly, severely, "news of the war."

"Oh, the war," repeated Teddy, slightly depressed, for he felt this was treating him more like a newspaper than a friend.

"The moment," declared Molly, "is critical."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Teddy, feeling that of this critical moment of his meeting with her he was making but little use.

"Unless we rise to the occasion," cried Molly, "we are lost."

Teddy nodded moodily. He felt very keenly that he himself was in no sense rising to this occasion. "What must a girl," he asked himself, sadly, "think of a chap who had not a word to say for himself?" In sheer desperation he

observed that it was a lovely day and looked like keeping up well.

"Mr. Burns," said Molly, solemnly, "this is no time to think of lovely days or of anything lovely."

"Yes, but there are some lovely things one can't help thinking of," said Teddy, scoring for the first time.

Molly gave him a sharp glance, and decided, regretfully, that he could not have meant it. He looked too innocent. "And a good thing, too," she said to herself, for if he had meant—well, anything—she would have had to be very cross and angry and insulted. All the same, she found herself a little flustered, and she decided to adopt the Prussian theory of the smashing offensive. "Mr. Burns," she said, "what regiment are you joining?"

"Well, you see—" he began, hesitatingly, and paused.

She surveyed him steadily from two of the most beautiful and devastating eyes that he had ever been exposed to. "Mr. Burns," she said, "your country needs you."

"I'm not thinking of the country," he confessed.

"Do you mean you won't enlist?" she cried, with flashing eyes.

"Well, why should I?" he asked.

"How can you ask such a question?" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Your King."

"Never even seen him."

"Your country."

"Too impersonal."

"I—"

"Ah, now," he interrupted, quickly, "now you're talking."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Why, if you ask me yourself," he explained, "that would be quite different."

She regarded him with indignation, and yet she felt a secret thrill at the knowledge that he would do for her what apparently he would not for the clarion call of war. All the same, she determined to make one last appeal. "Mr. Burns," she said, solemnly, lifting one hand, and looking prettier than ever with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, "at such a time as this, when England, our country—" She detected him in the act of yawning. "Mr. Burns," she said, sharply, "where is your patriotism?"

"I never did care for the ha'penny papers," he answered.

"The point is, do you want me to enlist?"

"I think," said Molly, hotly, "you're just mean to put it like that."

"Suppose I get killed?"

"Hope you will," said Molly, viciously.

"Then you wish me to go," he insisted, relentlessly.

Molly, a little red in the face, looked hesitatingly around. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him she did not care two-pence what he did or did not. But then, a recruit might be lost to the cause. And she had come out specially to secure recruits, only he made it so frightfully personal.

"It all depends on you," he said. "Patriotism, our country, England," he added, reproachfully.

"Very well then, I do ask you," she flashed out. "There."

"Please," he hinted.

"Please," she repeated, meekly. "Anything else?" she added with extreme bitterness.

"Only like the Duchess of Gordon," he answered, "then it will be a bargain."

"The Duchess of Gordon," stammered Molly, simply appalled, for this was indeed more than she had ever dreamed of.

"Yes, you know what she did," he answered, cheerily; "of course, you'll do the same."

"Mr. Burns," she said, earnestly, "I think you are the meanest, horriest, lowest, most cowardly, contemptible brute that ever lived, I do."

Teddy looked depressed, but firm. "It's the usual thing," he argued, "they all do it."

She eyed him as one might eye a specially loathsome toad.

"Where duchesses lead, all may follow," he assured her.

"You won't want anything more afterwards?" she asked, cautiously.

He shook his head. She still seemed to hesitate.

"It is for England," he reminded her, "the Nation."

"Yes," she agreed. "And then, of course," she reminded herself, "I can wash afterwards."

"What for?" he asked.

"Though, of course, it will need a scrubbing brush and Monkey Brand and things of that sort," she mused.

"Hum!" said Teddy, beginning to look a little less cheerful. "Ah!"

"And then I had to give him two," continued Molly, thoughtfully, "so I suppose one more doesn't matter much."

"Who do you mean?" demanded Teddy, looking very glum.

"Johnny Owen," explained Molly, careful to mention the name of the young man whom she knew Teddy most disliked of all in the neighbourhood, "he wanted two."

"The—blackguard," growled Teddy, furiously. "I'll—I'll—"

"All the others only wanted one each," added Molly, carelessly, beginning now to enjoy herself, "all except the butcher's

young man. He said it would take a dozen of them to make him go."

Teddy felt himself faint and dizzy; his face was a study in rage, hatred, fury, scorn, contempt, bitterness—indeed, in all those emotions against which we are warned Sunday by Sunday.

"But I took him at his word," added Molly, cheerfully, "and so he's off too." She pursed up her lips, closed her eyes and stood on tip-toe with her hands behind her. "It seems more horrid every time," she sighed, "but get it over—it can't be worse than the chimney-sweep's."

But though she waited, and though her right hand behind her back was tightly clenched ready to administer the swinging box on the ear she yearned to give in revenge, yet nothing happened, and, when she opened her eyes to look, she saw to her surprise that Teddy was in the act of removing his coat. This faintly puzzled her, for she did not see the necessity of it. "Whatever are you doing?" she demanded.

"I'm going to find Johnny Owen," answered Teddy.

"What for?" asked Molly, with some uneasiness.

"To smash him," answered Teddy, simply. "As for the butcher's young man," he added, "I shall kill him."

"Oh, you mustn't!" cried Molly, seriously disturbed, for she knew the butcher's young man was the sole support of his mother and two baby sisters.

"Well, I will," said Teddy, rolling so fierce an eye Molly was quite afraid, and for her to be afraid of Teddy—or of any young man—was so novel a sensation she positively enjoyed it. "The blackguardly brutes," he burst out, "they deserve horse-whipping."

"Why?" murmured Molly.

"Taking advantage of a girl," he growled, rolling up his sleeve, "cowardly, ungentlemanly."

"Well, you wanted to yourself," Molly pointed out, "didn't you?"

"That's quite different, different altogether," Teddy asserted. "Besides, I didn't."

"Well, they didn't either," retorted Molly. She tossed her head. "As if I'd let them," she said; "I'd die first."

"Well, you said—" he began.

"Are you accusing me of telling fibs?" she asked, coldly.

"What about the chimney-sweep?" he demanded.

"Ugh!" answered Molly.

"What about—me?" asked Teddy.

Molly could not help it, and certainly she did not mean it, and after all she did absolutely nothing but peep up at him from under eyelids it was no her fault were liberally provided with long lashes. Nor perhaps—it seems that it was all inevitable—can he be held responsible for the sudden movement he made whereby she found herself encircled in his arms and held so tightly it would have been quite useless to struggle—so she judged it best to submit.

"Don't," she gasped presently.

But he continued.

"You mustn't," she panted.

"Darling," he whispered, with apparent lack of connection. Molly wept.

That, one is glad to record, reduced him to his proper condition of abject and servile humility.

"I want—I want—" she gasped.

"What, what?" he demanded, eagerly, ready to turn the whole world upside down to get it, whatever it might be.

"My handkerchief," she panted, searching wildly.

"Have mine," he suggested, tenderly. "It's clean," he added to reassure her.

She accepted his offer with gratitude; already it seemed natural to her to accept anything of his. She said, as she dried her eyes, "And you won't go to the horrid war, will you?"

"Not unless they send me," he answered, "but I heard this morning they are putting me through for the commission I applied for. But that's all right," he added, happily, "there will be lots of time for us to get married."

SHADOWS.

The last and fairest mystery

Of life, we shall not know.

How could we deem that we should reap,

Who have not cared to sow?

We know too late that we who shunned

Deep thoughts, and sounds of strife,

And banished all save dance and song,

Lived but a shadow life.

For see, the Gods who watch and wait,

And guard the Deathless Flowers,

Now turn and give the Rose of Life

To other hands than ours.

J. C.

AVOCETS IN HOLLAND.



AVOCET APPROACHING NEST.

IT was only in May of the present year that I took these photographs and made the notes to accompany them, but ages seem to have passed since. Then the Dutch farmers appeared to have no deeper interest than was attached to their beans and farm crops, now the air is thick with tragic stories. Yet it seems best to let the text remain unchanged. Whatever else may be upset the natural history of birds must remain the same.

There are wide salt marshes in Holland which lie just behind the ramparts of sand dunes thrown up by the wind

and the North Sea. These are happy nesting grounds for many species of wading birds during the spring months—black-tailed godwits, redshanks, ruffs and reeves, with large colonies of terns and black-headed gulls; but, to my mind, the most fascinating of them all is the avocet. Holland is a country of black and white—the costumes of the women are black, with a white coif; their cows and goats are black and white, and so are their cats, so it seems quite in order to see the dainty black and white avocets walking about these marshes. Their plumage is spotless during the nesting season, as then



ABOUT TO RELIEVE HIS MATE.

they entirely lose the grey mantle which is worn for the remainder of the year. The birds appear to be plentiful, congregating in colonies and nesting with the Arctic terns and black-headed gulls on the more barren portions of the marsh lands.

The nest is a mere hollow in the ground, lined with a handful of dry grass, in which they deposit four eggs having a buff coloured ground covered with black and grey spots, more thickly grouped at the larger end. From my hide a few feet away from a nest of one of these avocets

her long, black bill, then giving herself a comfortable little shake to settle down. Whether the position was too cramped to be maintained for long, or if it was only the nature of the bird to be so restless, it would be hard to say, but the sitting bird seldom remained for long in one position; she would constantly stand up and move about a little, picking up insects in the sand, preening her feathers, etc., before she settled down again. If her mate was absent and did not return within an hour or so, she called him insistently, becoming most impatient if he did not arrive at once. The marsh was



BOTH BIRDS AT THE NEST.

I was able to watch the movements of several other pairs close around.

The avocet that I was photographing returned to her eggs very shortly after being disturbed, advancing with some hesitation, shaking each foot as she raised it from the ground with a quick movement, and jerking her head backwards and forwards, sometimes uttering that curious cry which has given the bird its Dutch name of "kluut." Once arrived at the nest, she settled herself down quickly, fluffing out her breast feathers and tucking the eggs under them with

thickly strewn with nests of various sorts, each different species at daggers drawn with its neighbours, so life and home were serious matters to the birds, and for that reason the pairs were generally together, the bird off duty near to its mate in case of need.

One pair of avocets a few yards behind my hide afforded me much entertainment. They had made their nest on the edge of a muddy ditch; just across this was a pair of Arctic terns—of all the tern family the most restless and quick-tempered. Whenever the avocet crossed the ditch

as he was strolling round in search of food, the tern on guard flew at him, screaming angrily, while his mate on the nest joined in the shrieks till one wondered how two such small birds could possibly make so much noise.

The dignified avocet took no notice of them beyond being careful not to go too near; he wandered round about, occasionally returning to his nest and talking to the sitting bird. But their worst enemies were a pair of black-headed gulls. They are the most militant of birds, going out of their way to annoy their neighbours, and rob their nests with as much delight as any schoolboy. They had, however, found their match in the avocets, for gentle as these long-legged birds habitually are, they are most determined in the defence of their home. On one occasion I saw the gull who had been away feeding come back and alight near his own nest; he then advanced on the avocet who was sitting on her eggs, with his head outstretched and held low in front of him. He croaked at her in the most menacing manner, evidently with the intention of enticing her off her eggs to do battle; but she was much too wise to be caught in that way, and called loudly to her mate, who was a little distance away. He flew hastily back and dashed at the gull, not using his bill, which was apparently too flexible for a weapon of offence, but striking sideways with his feet or wings—it was difficult to see which, but my impression was that the feet were used. The result was most effective, for the gull fled after the first bout, although his partner was encouraging him from her nest a yard or so away, with the full force of her lungs. It seems most probable that the avocets struck with the feet, as on every occasion when they were fighting another bird, they jumped into the air before striking. Evidently their bills were of no use to them in that way. One could see the use of that upward curve when the avocets were searching for food in the soft mud. The bird would then walk quickly along, sweeping the bill from side to side, leaving semicircular tracks in the mud in much the same way that a scythe does when it has been used to mow a track through long meadow grass, though the bird has this advantage, that its bill can mow both backwards and forwards, while man's imitation can only cut one way. M. G. S. BEST.



PUFFING OUT THE BREAST FEATHERS.



TURNING HER EGGS.



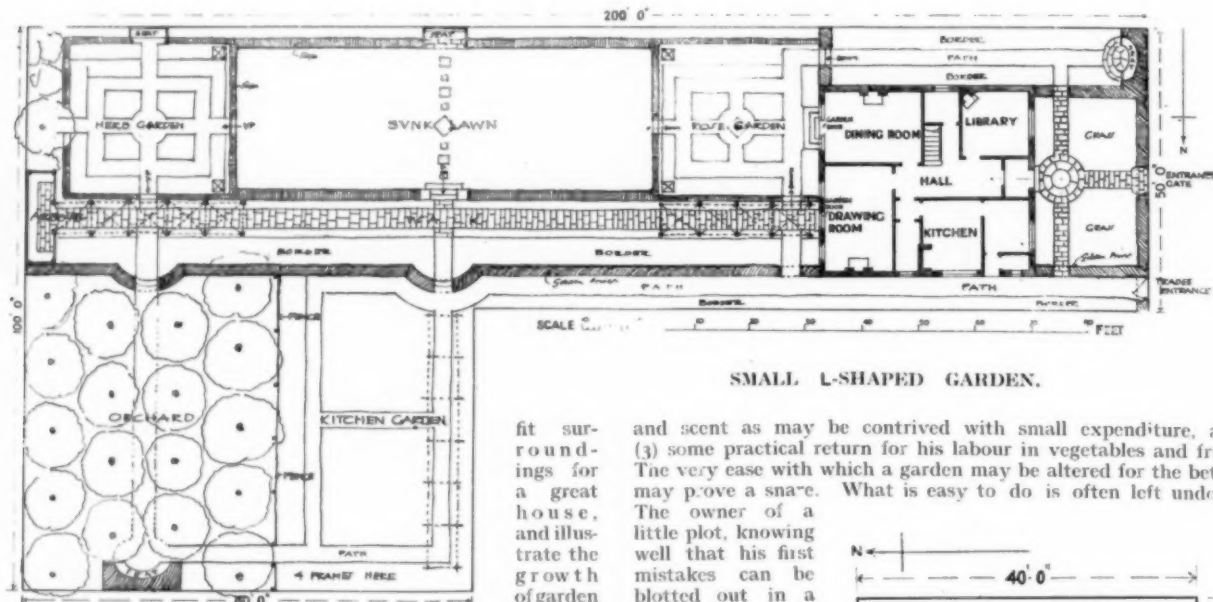
SETTLING DOWN.

IN THE GARDEN.

NOTES ON THE PLANNING OF THE LITTLE GARDEN: FOUR TYPICAL SITES.

THE designer of the great garden has always this much in his favour. The activities of time and the destroyer have been great, but many examples remain of what was done in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Despite change of fashion and the ravages made by the Landscape School, there remain scores of noble gardens, such as St. Catherine's Court, Montacute, Westbury-on-Severn and Levens Hall, which show

shall not be frittered away by multiplied features, and (3) that the lines of these parts shall be so laid down that the whole shall achieve a definite shapeliness. The three points in planting are subordinate to the fact that the owner of a little garden can rarely devote either much money or considerable labour to its tending. He nevertheless should seek to secure (1) a sufficient rotation of flowers to ensure gaiety in the garden during spring and summer and early autumn; (2) as rich a pleasure in colour

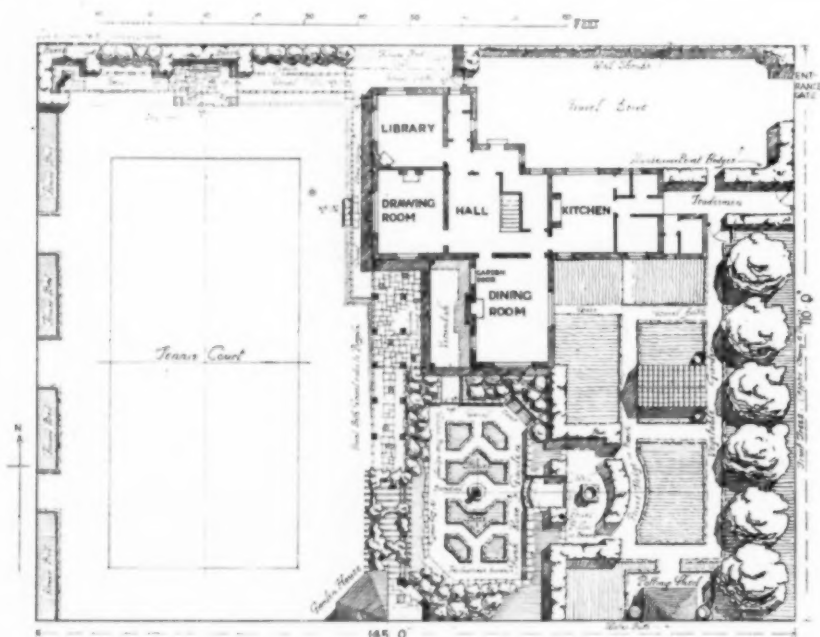
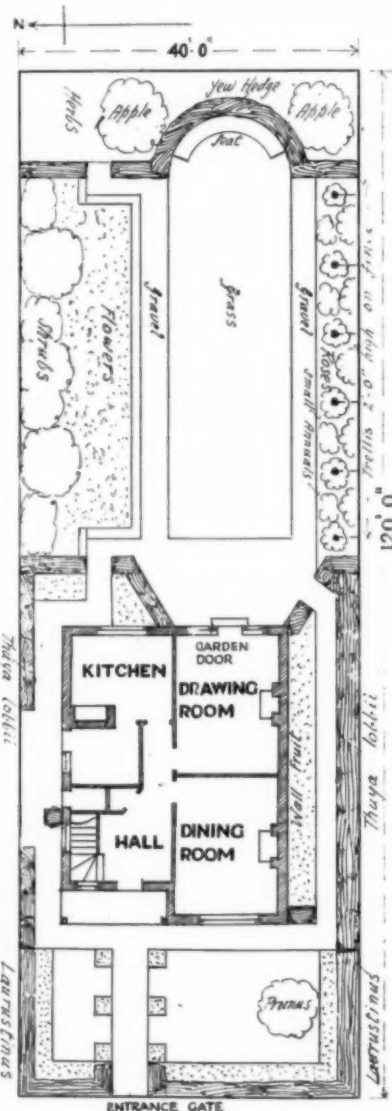


fit surroundings for a great house, and illustrate the growth of garden design.

and scent as may be contrived with small expenditure, and (3) some practical return for his labour in vegetables and fruit. The very ease with which a garden may be altered for the better may prove a snare. What is easy to do is often left undone.

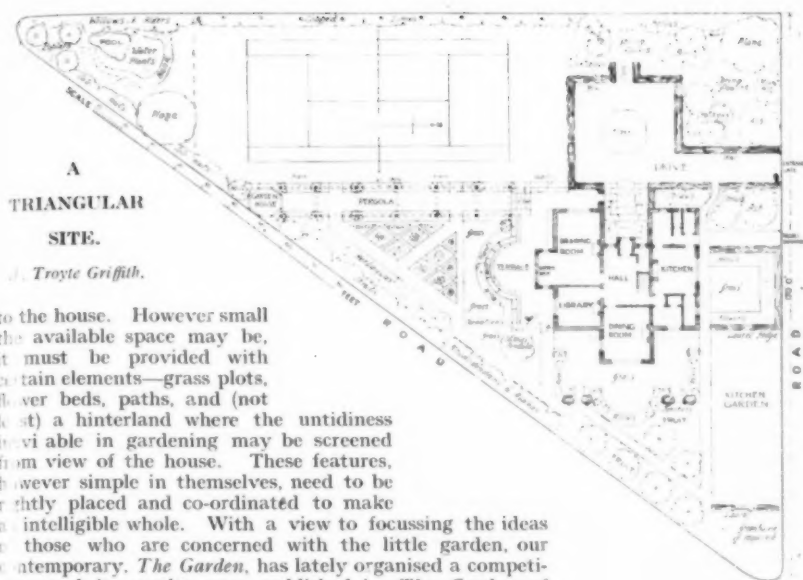
The owner of a little plot, knowing well that his first mistakes can be blotted out in a year or two, rarely considers at the outset that the allied problems of planning and planting must be considered as a whole. Blunders thus made are apt never to get corrected. Many of them would be avoided if it were generally appreciated that the whole garden scheme should be considered from the first in its relation

With the little garden it is otherwise. Very few perfect old gardens laid out in small space have survived. It is true there is the exquisite hillside treatment at Owlpen Manor, but the site is unusual, and the wonderful effect is achieved mainly by yew hedges, perhaps two centuries old. Gay little cottage gardens in English villages make their appeal by serried ranks of brilliant hollyhocks and simple borders of bright herbaceous plants, with perhaps a peacock in yew standing sentinel by the roadside gate, rather than by success in conscious design. Like the little house which it serves, the little garden of to-day presents a new problem, for both are the product of a new social order. It is impossible to lay down neat rules for the planning and planting of a limited garden space, but there are six outstanding points which need to be borne steadily in mind. In planning it is important (1) to ensure that every part of the garden shall bear a definite relation to the house which it serves. (2) That the design shall be essentially simple, i.e., that the space



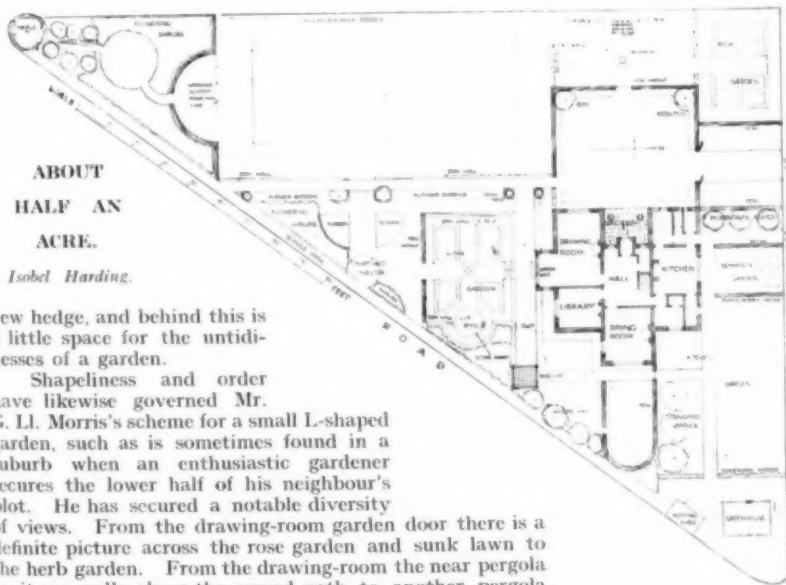
ABOUT A THIRD OF AN ACRE.

A NARROW SUBURBAN PLOT.



to the house. However small the available space may be, it must be provided with certain elements—grass plots, flower beds, paths, and (not least) a hinterland where the untidiness inevitable in gardening may be screened from view of the house. These features, however simple in themselves, need to be rightly placed and co-ordinated to make an intelligible whole. With a view to focussing the ideas of those who are concerned with the little garden, our contemporary, *The Garden*, has lately organised a competition, and its results were published in *The Garden* of October 17th. Garden designers, both professional and amateur, were invited to prepare planning and planting schemes for four typical sites, ranging from a narrow suburban plot, 40ft. wide, to a triangular site of about half an acre. In each case the plan of the house was shown so that the designer might take into account such governing facts as access from garden doors and views from windows. Some of the prize-winners' designs are now reproduced in order to show how the general rules laid down above may be worked out in practice.

Perhaps the most difficult problem was the narrow suburban plot. Mr. A. Troyte Griffith won the first prize for this because he did not attempt too much. The notable feature of the design is the way in which the kitchen window is screened from the little lawn by the splayed hedge. Nevertheless, the servant's pleasure has not been ignored, for she has an oblique view on to the herbaceous border backed by shrubs on the north side of the garden. From the garden door of the living-room the owner looks across the grass to the curved seat framed in a



yew hedge, and behind this is a little space for the untidinesses of a garden.

Shapeliness and order have likewise governed Mr. G. L. Morris's scheme for a small L-shaped garden, such as is sometimes found in a suburb when an enthusiastic gardener secures the lower half of his neighbour's plot. He has secured a notable diversity of views. From the drawing-room garden door there is a definite picture across the rose garden and sunk lawn to the herb garden. From the drawing-room the near pergola invites a walk along the paved path to another pergola finishing in an arbour. The fruit and vegetable garden in the short arm of the L is cut off by a hedge, in the curved bays of which there are archways from herb garden to orchard and from sunk lawn to kitchen beds. Other charming little features are the narrow flower garden to the south of the house and the long flower border appropriately stretching from the trades entrance to the kitchen garden.

The almost square garden of about a third of an acre was designed by Mr. K. Dalgliesh and shows the tennis lawn rightly placed north and south. Here again a picture is seen from each of the living-rooms, in spite of the fact that the lawn takes up so much space that other features have to be compressed.

The triangular site of about half an acre set at the junction of two roads gave ample opportunity for ingenious contrivance. The upper plan on this page is by Mr. A. Troyte Griffith. It shows a reasonable use of that overdone feature, the pergola, a good aid to garden design if sensibly placed, but this is not often. Here it leads from the corner of the terrace to a garden house and usefully divides the tennis lawn from the flower garden. Miss Isobel Harding's design is a little disappointing,

for the very reason that it provides no "wall of partition," and by so much her garden would be lacking in those little turns of surprise which are the more valuable when the total available space is small. The rest of the area is, however, well and practically employed. L. W.

THE AUTUMN TINTS OF TREES AND SHRUBS.

EACH year, just previous to the fall of the leaves, the more exposed parts of our woodlands, and the borders mainly devoted to shrubs, present a wonderful and pleasing wealth of colour that is only equalled in beauty during the early days of spring, when the young foliage has burst its winter bonds, or later, in early summer, when the majority of hardy trees and shrubs unfold their flowers. This autumn colouring varies in its intensity; some years it is exceptionally rich, and in others scarcely pronounced enough to be noticeable. The reason for this is by no means clear, observations during a number of autumns leading one to assume that dry or wet weather has very little to do with it.

Whatever the reason may be, the fact that certain trees and shrubs do oftener than not take on glorious tints of crimson, scarlet, gold and varying shades of brown at this season is of interest to the garden-lover, and might, with advantage, be given more attention when new plantations or borders are being designed.

One would not, of course, advise the extensive planting of trees and shrubs solely for the autumn tints of their foliage, but a great many that colour well in September and October are very beautiful at other seasons of the year, hence their inclusion in place of many that are almost, if not quite, devoid of interest ought to be given the fullest consideration. To obtain the best effects, however, some forethought and care are necessary. There is no doubt that the beautiful russet and crimson tints are seen to the best advantage where a background of sombre-hued evergreens can be provided. In many gardens tall Yew or Holly hedges exist, and these make excellent contrasts for the dwarfier trees and large shrubs. One of the finest autumn

sights that I remember was a large lawn bed situated in front of a Holly hedge and filled with shrubby plants of *Acer Ginnala*, a very graceful Maple, the foliage of which develops a glorious shade of glowing red. Again, one has vivid recollections of a stately tree of the Plum-leaved Thorn, *Crataegus Crus-galli prunifolia*, standing in a semicircle of tall Scots Pines, the dark foliage of which threw into strong relief the gold and crimson tints of the Thorn. Then, by the waterside, we must not forget the beautiful autumn picture created by the deciduous Cypress, *Taxodium distichum*, whose deep, vivid brown leaves create an atmosphere of restfulness on a misty October day. This is a splendid and uncommon tree for planting close to the water's edge, and is beautiful from April until the end of October, the delicate green of spring and summer gradually giving place to the brown of autumn.

As a specimen tree on a lawn, where a dwelling-house of dull brick or stone forms a suitable background, the stately Tulip Tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, would be excellent; its comparatively large leaves turn to a wonderful shade of golden yellow in autumn, and it is a most interesting tree when in flower. A superb woodland

tree that ought to be much better known is the large-leaved Scarlet Oak, *Quercus coccinea splendens*. It has noble foliage that never, or seldom, fails to produce the richest of crimson hues, and a good-sized tree, planted so that it can be seen as a silhouette against tall Elms or Evergreen Oaks will long be remembered. *Q. heterophylla* is another Oak that is well worth planting for its autumn foliage, which is a harmonious combination of scarlet and gold. Other good trees for autumn effects are the Sugar Maple, *Acer saccharinum*, and *Populus nigra betulifolia*, both having foliage of varying shades of vivid yellow; *Liquidambar styraciflua*, purple crimson; and the Snowy Mespilus, *Amelanchier canadensis*, yellow and red. Of shrubs one could compile a long list, but the following are the best for most gardens: *Rhus typhina* and *R. cotinoides*, vermilion and scarlet; *Berberis Thunbergii*, gold and crimson; *Azalea pontica*, the common yellow Azalea; all the varieties of the Japanese Maple, *Acer palmatum*; and *Parrotia persica*, bright crimson. The last named is seldom seen in other than botanic gardens, yet it is one of the most gorgeous of autumn shrubs. F. W. H.



PROBABLY no mansion, of which any part remains, in the county of Essex has witnessed more of the great events of history than this still vast pile of buildings in the parish of Boreham, a few miles from Chelmsford. Its quite undistinguished name of New Hall it has borne apparently since the property was granted by Earl Harold (afterwards the last Saxon King) to the College of Secular Canons which he founded at Waltham in 1062. In 1177 the college at Waltham was made by Henry II. an abbey of Regular Canons of St. Augustine, and it is particularly interesting to note that this very same Augustinian rule is followed by the community who occupy New Hall to-day. King Henry VIII., on largely increasing its magnificence when he obtained possession, gave it the honorific

title of "Beaulieu." This alien name, however, never became truly attached, and New Hall it has remained throughout.

From earliest record the place has been the seat of much magnificence and great entertainments. Kings and Queens, English and foreign; Kings' daughters and favourites, ladies and gentlemen of many Courts, abbots and monks have trod the pathways which now for more than one hundred years have resounded only to the solemn pacing of the nuns or the pastimes of their girl pupils. Situated midway between the port of Harwich and London, New Hall has frequently extended hospitality to Royal personages crossing the North Sea. When, in 1121, Queen Adela of Louvain was on her way to become the bride of Henry I., she wrote thence to her father that the Abbot's Court at New Hall surpassed the ducal state at home.

In 1346, John de Vere, the Lord Abbot, during his summer residence entertained Queen Philippa after her victory over the Scots at Neville Cross. Not long after 1423 it was bought by Queen Margaret of Anjou. It was seized as Crown property by Edward IV. on his accession. At Whitsuntide, 1480, this strong usurper, "dressed in a little brief authority," held a court of revelry in the deserted precincts. New Hall was given by Henry VII. to Thomas Boteler, Earl of Ormond, whose daughter Margaret by her marriage with Sir William Boleyn of Blickling, Norfolk, became mother of Sir Thomas Boleyn and grandmother of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn.

Sir Thomas exchanged New Hall with the young King in the ninth year of his reign. He erected the manor into an honour; and built a noble gateway with turrets which formed a large part of the south side of the great quadrangle, and may be seen in one of the old prints herewith reproduced. Over the entrance he placed his arms carved in freestone; they were removed about 1737, when the gateway was pulled down by John Olmuis, afterwards Lord Waltham, to the banqueting hall, now the convent chapel, and the florid surroundings of arms and trophies were inappropriately added. The details and tracery of crown, rose and pomegranate in the background can be seen from our photograph to be of extreme delicacy. The inscription

Henricus rex octavus, rex inclitus armis
Magnanimus struxit hoc opus egregium
is supported by a lion and a hawk.

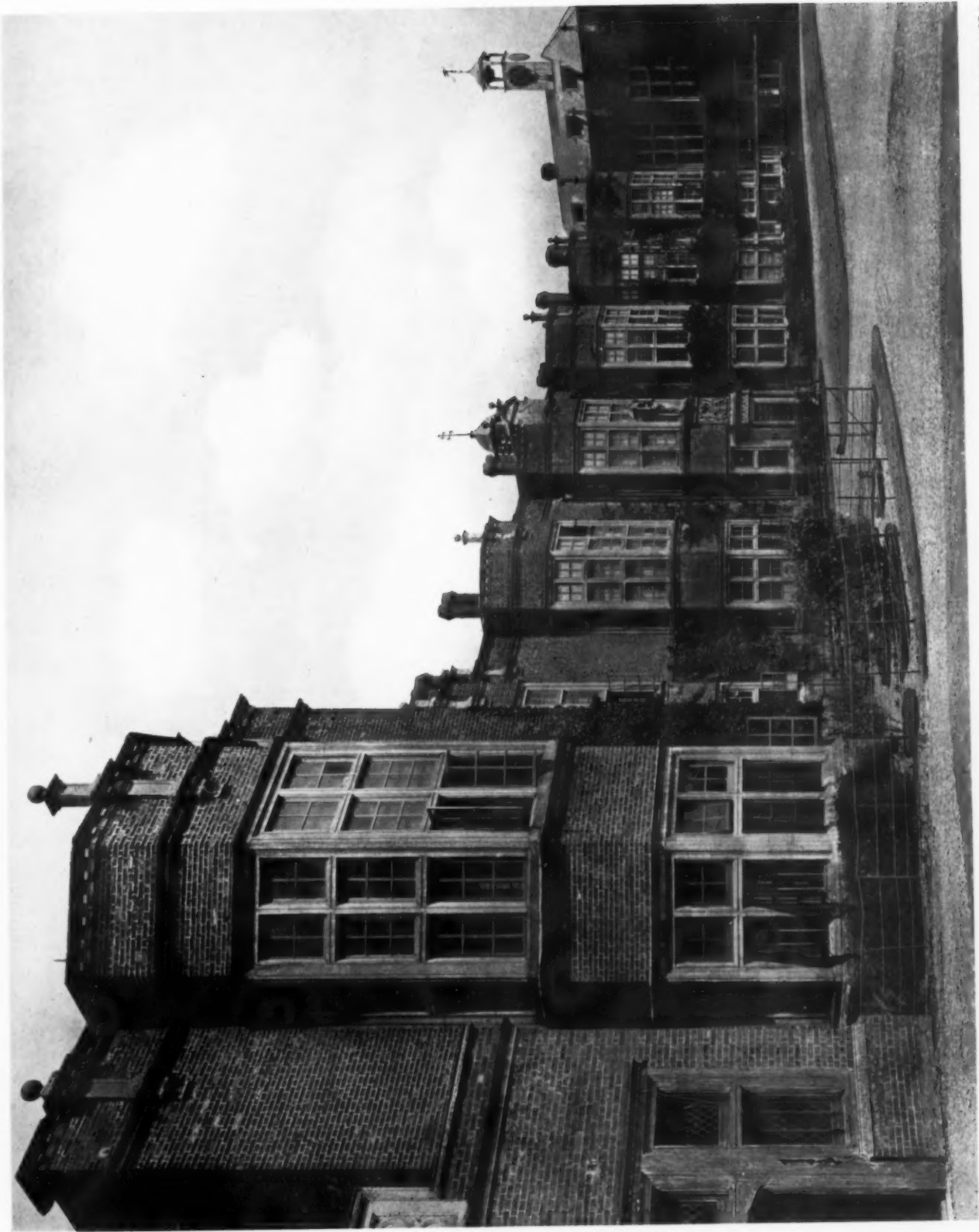
Henry's tragic daughter, Mary Tudor, lived here in doleful seclusion after being banished from her mother's side, and from here she dated her spirited refusal to lay aside her title and rank, acknowledge herself a bastard, and become a dependent in the infant Elizabeth's nursery at Hatfield, when the King's marriage with her mother was annulled by Act of Parliament. Her household thereupon, consisting of one hundred and



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MAIN ENTRANCE WITH ROYAL ARMS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

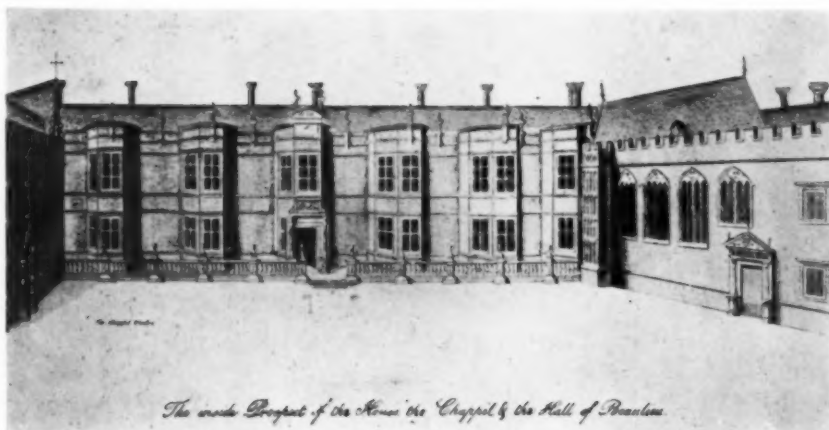
"COUNTRY LIFE"

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sixty persons, was broken up in December, 1533, by the Duke of Norfolk, acting as King's Commissioner. After Henry's third marriage, to Jane Seymour, Mary Tudor was permitted to return to the quiet of New Hall. From its walled garden of more than four acres she sent gifts to the new Queen, and later she dutifully entertained the next successor Ann of Cleves when that lady was conducted to London by the Earl of Essex.

During her young brother's short reign the Princess remained at New Hall, in spite of many efforts on the part of the Privy Council to get her away on the pretext that the air of Essex was unhealthy. It was complained at Court that she allowed the country folk to attend Mass in the chapel. One of her latest guests was Lady Jane Grey in the summer of 1552. When Edward VI. died, on July 6th, 1553, Mary, on her progress from Framlingham to London, slept at Beaulieu for the last time on the night of August 2nd of that year. In the register at Boreham, nine years later, occurs the burial of "Betteris Apries, laundress to Queen Mary."

An officer of Mary's Household, Sir Thomas Wharton, occupied Beaulieu during her reign. Ten or twelve years later, Queen Elizabeth, who had several times visited the palace, granted it to Lady Ann Wharton's brother, Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex. His second wife was Frances Sidney, founder of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and it was in her lifetime that this Earl largely rebuilt or added to the building. The date 1573 is on the west wing. The ceilings of three rooms bear the Sussex arms, with, as seen in the photograph, eight quarterings, viz., Radcliffe, Fitzwalter, Burnell, Botecourt, Lucy, Multon, Mortimer of Attleborough and Culcheth. The arms of Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex, are over a door leading to the hall, and the Sidney crest,



SOUTH SIDE BEFORE DESTRUCTION OF QUADRANGLE.

replaced by a figure of the Madonna. The Italian encomium beneath,

*En terra piu savia Regina. En cielo la piu lucente stella
Vergina magnanima, Dotta, Divina, Legiadra Honesta e Bella,*

was, no doubt, put up to commemorate a visit of the great Queen.

Our photograph of the Vertue-Basire print of 1786 shows the date 1660 over a sundial above the arms. New Hall was sold in 1662 for thirty thousand pounds to that King's favourite and sport of fortune, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Charles I. visited him here. When Buckingham's son was declared a traitor by the Commonwealth, the estate, with others, was allocated to Cromwell as part of the four thousand pounds a year voted by Parliament, but was soon exchanged by him for Hampton Court. A contemporary glimpse of the place occurs in Evelyn's Diary for the year 1656:

It is a faire old house built with brick; low, being only of two stories as the manner then was; the gate-house better; the court large and pretty; the stair case of extraordinarie widenesse with a piece representing Sir F. Drake's action in the year 1580, an excellent sea piece; the galleries are trifling, the hall is noble, the garden a faire plot, and the whole seat well accommodated with water, but above all I admired the faire avenue planted with stately lime trees in four rowes, for neere a mile in length.

This lime avenue leading from the lodge gates on the London-Witham Road is one of the features of the place. In the sale catalogue of 1799 it is called "Pall Mall Avenue." and

a porcupine, is to be seen above the main entrance in the centre of the remaining front. This door is surmounted by the arms of England, supported by a crowned lion and unicorn. Until quite lately the words "Viva Elizabetha" were above the arms, with caryatids on either side, now



scheduled as containing seven acres. It is now crossed by the main Great Eastern Railway, whose first goods train passed that way in January, 1844. The eastern wing of the mansion is little changed since Evelyn's day, save that the great stables and rooms over them have been converted by the nuns to guest chambers. The gateway leading to the eastern quadrangle is shown in photograph.

After the Restoration, George Monck, Duke of Albemarle, lived here in great luxury on his pension of seven thousand pounds a year. Monck's widow sold the place to Hoare, the banker, who presently disposed of it to John Olmuis, a Dutch merchant. He demolished the gatehouse and outer face of the quadrangle, and destroyed the ancient chapel which stood on the west side and had a fine window, visible in an old engraving. This window was intended as a gift from the magistrates of Dort, in Holland, to Henry VII. for his chapel at Westminster. The King dying before its completion, Henry VIII. had it placed at Beaulieu. Olmuis sold it to Mr. Conyers of Copp'd Hall for fifty pounds. He, in 1758, disposed of it to the parishioners of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for four hundred guineas. There it may now be seen, with its portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York. Olmuis married the heiress of Sir William Billers, Lord Mayor of London, was created Lord Waltham of Philipstown, Ireland, in 1762, and died March 12th, 1764. His elder son, Drigue-Billers, in November, 1798, sold the hall to the present owners, nuns of the Holy Sepulchre. The cost of the mansion, farm buildings and fifty-eight acres of land, amounting to four thousand pounds, was generously defrayed by Mr. Michael McEvoy, brother to one of the nuns. Within fifteen years the house had been put in repair, and the only thing necessary was to adapt the fine central hall,



A View of the Front of the Palace of Beaulieu, commonly called NEW HOUSE, in 1798, built by J. H. H. H.

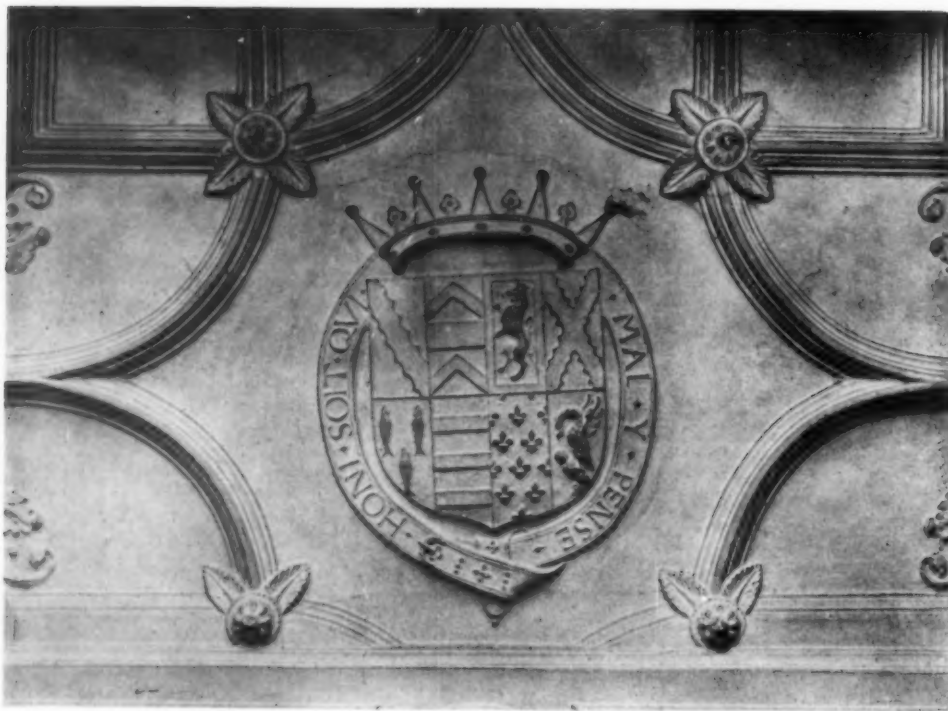
THE OUTER GATEWAY DEMOLISHED BEFORE 1779.



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EASTERN ARCHWAY OF COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SUSSEX ARMS ON DORMITORY CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

ARMS OF HENRY VIII.
Set in an eighteenth century frame.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

90ft. in length, to the purposes of a chapel. With its lofty roof and lighting, its music galleries and mullioned windows, this was easy of accomplishment, and by August 14th, 1799, it was complete.

This religious house was founded at Liège in 1642 by Susan Hawley, a young English lady who governed the community for forty years, and then asked to be relieved that she might prepare in quietude for death. When the French Revolution broke out in 1794, the nuns were driven to Maestricht, and finally returned to England, after a perilous and miserable voyage from Rotterdam of two months. History has again repeated itself, and just recently a small party of nuns from Louvain has found a welcome and refuge at New Hall.

The Sisters even at Liège had conducted a boarding school, to which girls of the English Roman Catholic families were sent. At New Hall the school increased, and in 1870 the west wing was altered and enlarged for its use.

The walled garden has been mentioned; a remarkable feature of it is the double brick wall dividing the four acres, with an elaborate heating apparatus concealed inside. The construction of these walls, tennis courts, bowling green, walk, etc., is mentioned in a letter to Buckingham from his wife in 1623, when both she and her mother-in-law seem to have been actively engaged in landscape gardening. To their taste much of the beauty of the grounds is owing. Splendid cedars sweep across the bowling green, at the end of which stands a pavilion. In the wilderness one may wander at will. A path through a copse ablaze with flowers leads to the quiet graveyard. The years recorded on the simple headstones mutely call up a picture of pious gentlewomen mellowing to a calm old age, sharing in all service, united in devotion; some in "enclosed" solitude, some growing younger with the glad youth of their pupils, all of them far from the din of battle and strife.

CHARLOTTE FELL-SMITH.

TWO WELSH GATESMITHS.—II.

MY article of September 5th set out all the documentary evidence with regard to the brothers Davies so far as I have yet been able to ascertain it; but with the facts already enumerated and the recurrence of detail quite their own, we may with safety ascribe other work in the district to them. By far the most important example is the great screen or "White Gates" at Leeswood Hall, Mold, a few miles from Wrexham and Ruthin—a truly wonderful piece of work and one of the great screens of the country. The detail is good throughout, and the whole effect would have been magnificent if a plain horizontal line between the piers had been kept instead of the series of broken pediments. These have the effect of reducing the length of the screen, which is actually one hundred feet, while the height is about seventeen feet to the apex of the pediments.

On the high road to Mold, a mile or so away, are the "Black Gates," which have always been used as the entrance to the park. Twenty feet to the top of the overthrow, they are a remarkably fine production. While very different in character from the White Gates ("Heaven" and "Hell" they are known as locally), there are several details common



MALPAS CHURCH: SMALL GATE.

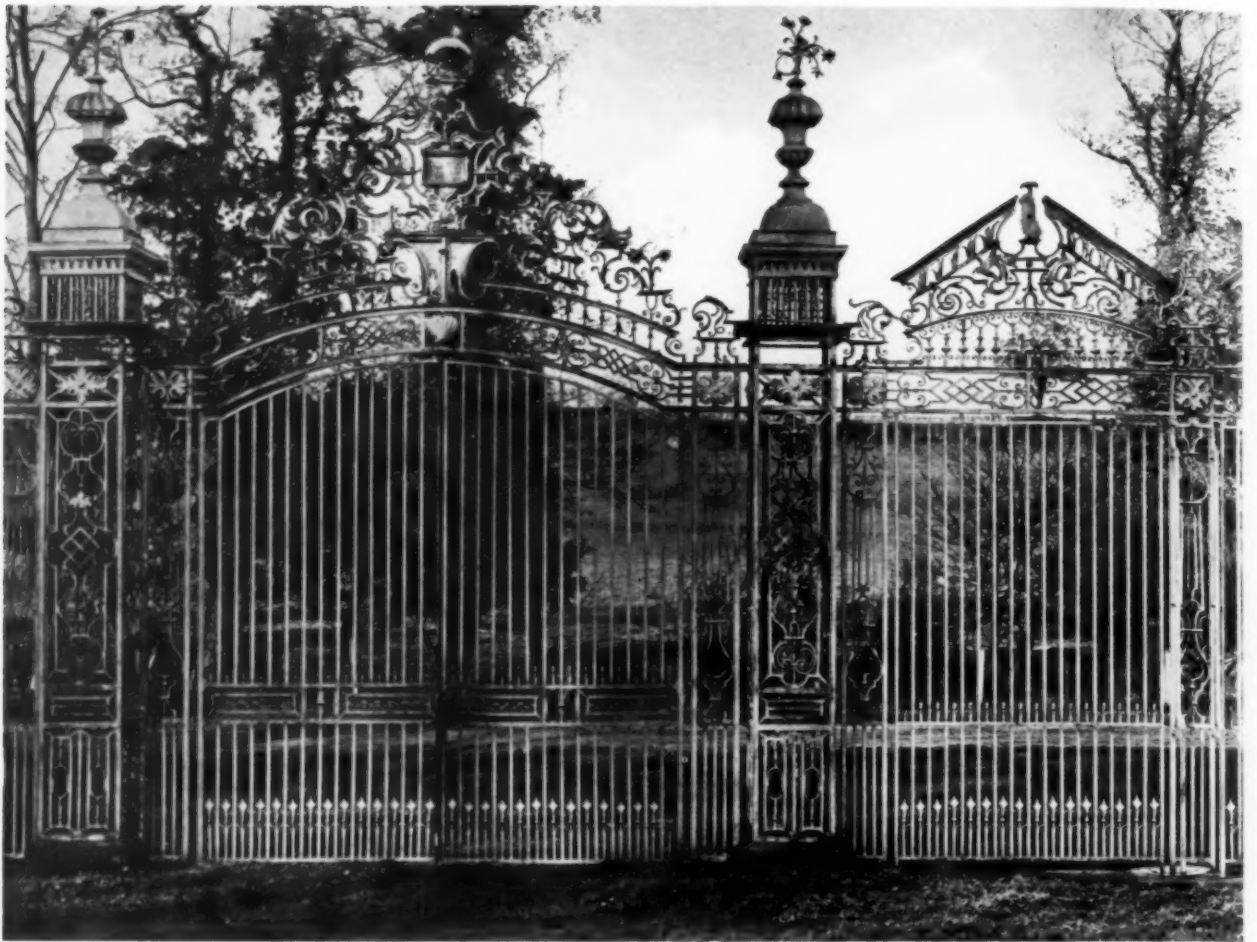
to both. One peculiarity in particular must be pointed out, as it occurs again in the well known screen at Eaton Hall, Chester, and is the best evidence that we have at present that the latter screen is also the work of the Davies. This is the presence of the curious diamond fret patterns in the piers of all three and in the friezes of the Eaton and of the Leeswood screens. It is difficult to reconcile the really fine powers of design exhibited in these gates with the uneducated production at Chirk Castle, but time and experience work wonders, and the twenty years that may well have passed between the making of the latter in 1719 and the erection of the Eaton and Leeswood screens may account for this difference.

The hall at Eaton as shown in a print by Badeslade of about 1740 is attributed to Vanbrugh, and he may possibly have given the general lines of the design for the screen, which are strikingly unusual. Here again are found the small circular moulded

terminals at the four corners of the caps to the piers, already noticed in the caps at Ruthin and Wrexham.

At Erddig Hall, near Wrexham, the seat of Mr. Phillip Yorke, is probably the richest example of wrought-iron railing existing in England. It was, I believe, made originally





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THE GREAT SCREEN OR "WHITE GATES" AT LEESWOOD HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

for Stanstey Park, and was moved to its present position some few years ago. The design and workmanship leave little room for doubt that this, too, is the work of the Davies brothers. The spacing of the circular moulded supports to

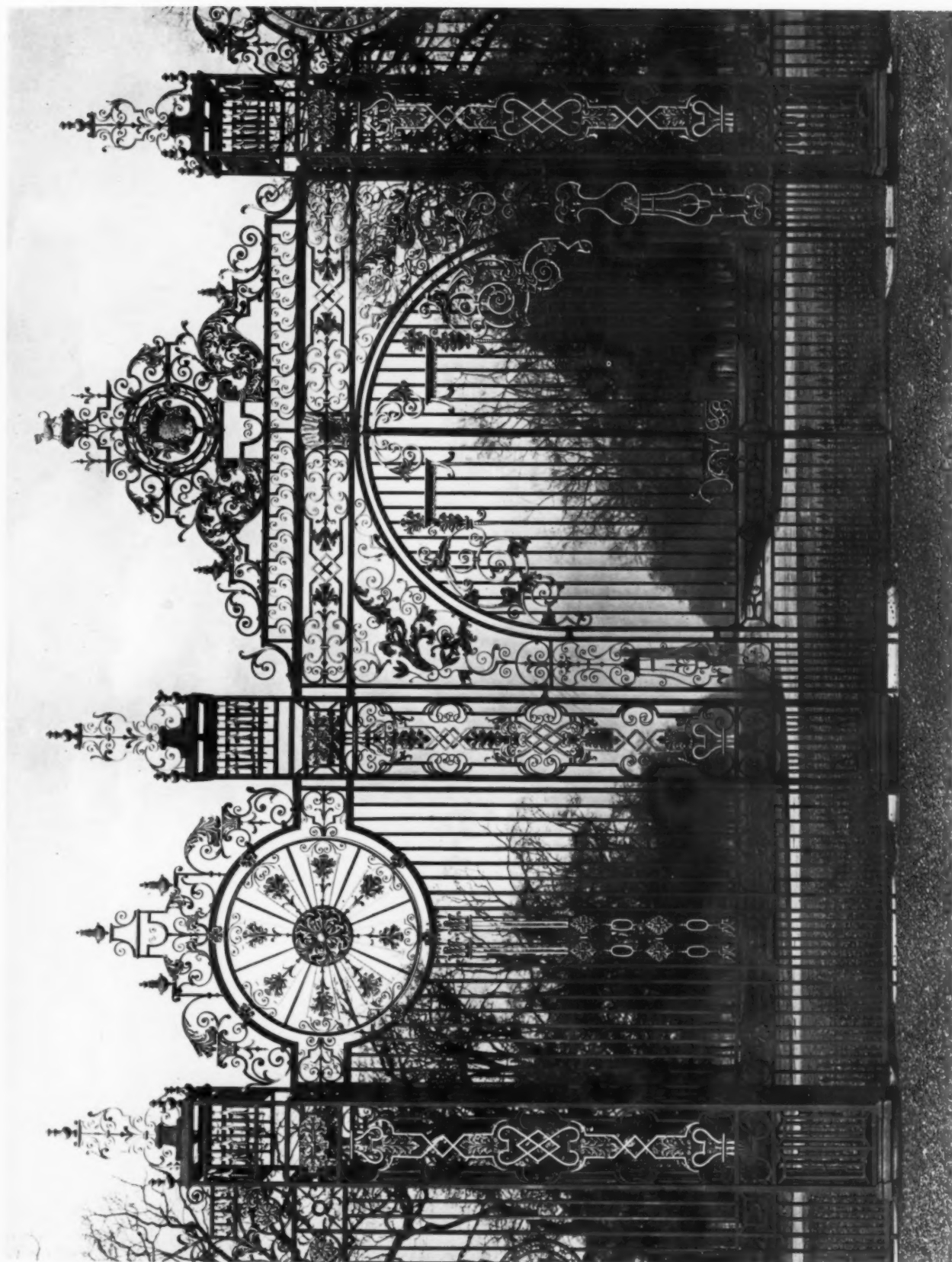
the bottom rail is curious and is the more irritating as it is so entirely unnecessary. There is a fine swing about the great scrolls forming the cresting, which would, however, be better in proportion to a railing of twice this height.



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AT ERDDIG PARK, WREXHAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SCREEN, EATON HALL, CHESHIRE.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



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EMRAL HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

At Emral Hall, some ten miles south-east of Wrexham, are two very interesting gates. A large pair between stone piers is seen in the distance in the illustration of the smaller gates, which are most unusual both in their form and dainty workmanship. The fact that they are very badly constructed must be admitted, but the design is nevertheless charming. Here again, on a smaller scale, are caps almost identical with those at Ruthin. In an article upon Emral by Mr. Avray Tipping, which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* some years ago, the writer mentioned the existence of the original accounts for the new wings to the hall, dated 1724-1727; but in spite of every effort they are not forthcoming; a thousand pities for it is more than probable that they contain some reference to the ironwork.

And now we come to the



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MALPAS CHURCH: DOUBLE GATES.

"C.L."

beautiful gates to Malpas Churchyard—it must be confessed with some misgiving. Are they or are they not the work of the Davies? I should like to think so, and yet cannot help recognising, both in their workmanship and design, a far higher standard than that realised in any of the work previously described. Both the double and the single gates are gems in their way; there is much delicacy and feeling in their design, which is carried to completion with no loose ends or unforeseen difficulties hurriedly and awkwardly met. Robert Davies died in 1749, and his brother John in 1755, and in some respects the gates bear the stamp of some ten to fifteen years later than this latter date. A final judgment must be reserved, pending further investigation, which may lead to definite facts. There is little

doubt that the charming little gate between the retaining walls on either side of the path leading to the porch is of an earlier date than the others—it recalls the chancel gates in Wrexham Church. The pair of gates to the Porch itself is interesting in that it is unusual to find iron gates in this position; but they are poor indeed in comparison with the others. In connection with one's doubts about the work at Malpas, it may be mentioned

that there is a gate in the kitchen garden at Eaton Hall which is reminiscent in design, as Mr. Starkie Gardner points out, of the work at St. Paul's Cathedral and Hampton Court by Jean Tijou. It certainly has no resemblance to any of the work which we know to have been produced by the Davies; and it may be that this gate and those at Malpas were by some smith employed only casually in Cheshire.

MAXWELL AYRTON.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SCOTLAND is one of those countries which is almost more famous for its groups of men and women than for individuals. A few examples are the great Covenanters, John Knox and his fellow reformers, the Jacobites, the women poets of the eighteenth century, Lady Nairn, Lady Grizell Baillie, Jean Elliot and so forth, and the judges of the same period. Mr. Forbes Gray hit upon a fascinating theme when he elected to make a book about *Some Old Scots Judges, Anecdotes and Impressions* (Constable). The man who ought to have written that book was "R.L.S." Hints innumerable he gave of the delight with which he had pondered their characteristics. He had the proper tradition, for, like his prototype, Sir Walter, he had been bred to the law and came of a family equally distinguished in jurisprudence and engineering. Beyond all else, he had the sense of humour and the Shandyan taste for eccentricity that would have prevented him from taking the theme so seriously as the present author who writes in a style to suggest that his chapters were originally meant for the staid and sober pages of the *Edinburgh Review* or the "Dictionary of National Biography." However, all that Stevenson gave us was a few suggestive hints and phrases here and there and the beginning of a study of Lord Braxfield in "Weir of Hermiston," the first work, as many think, wherein he laid aside childish and amateurish ways and wrote as a master.

Mr. Forbes Gray might have done well to consider why it was that the joint authors of Deacon Brodie and the school to which they belonged were so greatly attracted to the group. He will not find a cue to the riddle on the three authorities that he has found of most service, Cockburn, Ray and Ramsay of Ochertyre. To enquire what manner of men these Judges of the Court of Session were is to probe into the heart of the Scotland of their time. It was the day of Burns who has thrown the light of his merciless satire on the Holy Willies and other religious hypocrites. Scotland then was one of the most drunken nations in Europe and lasciviously immoral to boot. Paradox though it may appear, the religion that cloaked these failings was not wholly insincere. Before then the spiritual life both in Church and Ministry had been palsied through Atheism, but though David Hume was alive and active, unbelief was by no means common. The ordinary man went by night to the tavern where his club was held, and drank himself blind on the liquor suitable to his condition in life. Three large bottles of claret was not a very extraordinary allowance for a judge, but a poor lawyer's clerk like Robert Fergusson frequented Luckie Booth's tavern, where the favourite drink was London porter. The majority were well-seasoned toppers, who could sit "late at e'en drinking their wine" and rise without a headache in the morning, even, although it was a custom in Edinburgh for the guest to pay his "lawin'," or bill, before the drink was served, lest he should be too drunk to pay afterwards! On Sunday he went to kirk and kept the day with harsh severity. Decency was a god very generally worshipped.

The estimation in which the judges of that time are held is largely a matter of values. Literary values and moral values are seldom identical; Stevenson, the novelist, loved to see a man stripped of the veils and drapings imposed by society, and therefore the brutality of a Braxfield was something to be curiously examined, as a surgeon impersonally examines a sore. Mr. Forbes Gray is always intent on forming a moral appreciation. Thus he laments that the estimable qualities of Lord Monboddoo

were buried beneath as ludicrous a mass of crotchets and idiosyncrasies as ever were credited to a man outside of Bedlam.

To the student of human nature the crotchets and idiosyncrasies are everything. Lord Monboddoo is to him like a

wayside tree that has grown up without being, like woodland timber, crowded into a uniform pattern. His worship of the ancients, his suppers in the Greek style (which when he tried to revive ancient dishes gave his guests the most painful indigestion), his excellent Bordeaux wine decked with roses, were parts of the same delightfully whimsical character. In sober argument he would contend that the author of "My name is Norval and on the Grampian mountains my father feeds his flock" was greater than our greatest. He, the learned judge, held exactly the same view that was expressed by a voice from the gallery during the production of Home's "Douglas" "Whaur's Wully Shakespeare noo?"

Like most of these judges, Lord Monboddoo was a man of really medium intellect. What he did "is consigned to the limbo of forgetfulness," what he was will ever be remembered by the student of human nature with a sense of humour and a natural love of oddity.

Many other droll instances of misplaced moral valuations occur in this book, as, for instance, Lord Kames' remark to Hay, with whom he had often played chess, when the latter was convicted of murder, "That's checkmate to you, Matthew!" A still better illustration is the following passage:

When Muir, the political reformer, was being tried, Braxfield, parting with the last vestige of judicial honour, whispered to the father of Francis Horner (one of the Edinburgh reviewers) as he entered the jury-box, "Come awa, Maister Horner, come awa, and help us to hang ane o' thae d—d scoondrels." At a time when the procedure in criminal cases was more a mystery than it is now, and the line to be taken often seemed doubtful, Braxfield at all events was ready for any emergency. "Hoot! jist gie me Josie Norrie" (a clerk of court well up in forms and precedents) "and a gude jury, an' I'll do for the fallow"—a typical example of his lordship's best judicial manner.

One more example and we have done:

In one of the sedition trials the prisoner, Gerrald, ventured to remark that all great men had been reformers, "even our Saviour Himself." "Muckle He made o' that; He was hangit," was the profane reply of the man who prided himself upon being a "sincere Christian."

Mr. Gray, shocked at the profanity, returns to it later on. Yet Stevenson could say, "Braxfield is already a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." He and his friends did indeed take great joy in recalling the characteristics of these judges who, in their own way and with the modern limitations let themselves go as if they had been early Roman Emperors. But they were attracted by the literary values and poured withering scorn on the mere moralist.

The Three Sisters, by May Sinclair. (Hutchinson.)

IT is almost inevitable that in reading Miss Sinclair's new novel we should be reminded in two different ways of two famous women novelists. In the first chapter we find three sisters living with their father, a clergyman, in a desolate little village of grey houses huddled together upon the moors. "It crouches there with a crook of the dale behind and before it, between half-shut doors of the West and South. Under the mystery and terror of its solitude it crouches, like a beaten thing, cowering from its topmost roof to the bowed back of its stone bridge." Here it is difficult not to think of the Brontës. Again, we have the story of the young country doctor with aspirations towards London and scientific research, who marries a girl, pretty and quiet and eminently proper, but with an ineradicable vein of hardness and double-dealing. She gets her own way by a determined process of wearing down, and gradually saps all his old keenness and ambition, and we remember Tertius Lydgate and Rosamund Vincy. The likenesses are perhaps worth mentioning because they so readily suggest themselves, but it should be added that they are superficial; the story does not in any way depend on them, but stands or falls on its own merits. It is a study, minute, subtle and intimate, of the characters of the three girls and their development in their solitary surroundings. By reason of this solitude, and the more so because they have a father, unnecessarily and not quite convincingly odious, all three are driven to fall more or less in love with the only possible man in the neighbourhood, namely, Rowcliffe, the young doctor. For two of them, Mary and Alice, it may be said that, by reason of their respective

temperaments, any other man would have done as well. For the third, Gwenda, who is worth the other two a hundred times over, Rowcliffe is the right mate, as she is for him. But Gwenda, when her heart's desire is almost fulfilled, knowing her own strength and her sister's weakness, sacrifices herself for Alice and goes away, only to find that Mary, by a tacit breach of faith, has successfully trapped the man for herself. Alice, after a miserable beginning, marries a rustic and is happily engrossed in her family of children. Rowcliffe's love for Gwenda dies slowly, as does everything in him of real worth, and she is left tortured by the never-ending strain of his presence, to be watched by a venomously jealous sister and to nurse a father who is a hopeless invalid. It is not a pleasant theme, nor is it pleasantly, though very skilfully, treated. We find ourselves wishing at times that the authoress did not see with quite such fatal clarity into the hearts of her characters. And some of us, if only we had the courage to confess it, should probably feel more comfortable in the company of those old-fashioned heroines who did not so far forget themselves as to fall in love with any man until he had proposed. But if we feel a little apprehensive now and again in turning the page, fearing that we are going to be touched upon the raw, yet we always feel compelled to turn it. Finally, there is one little scene that cannot pass unnoticed, although it is one in which none of the three sisters takes part. Essy Gale, the servant at the Vicarage, has "got herself into trouble," and comes home to tell her mother what has happened. The mother is at first resolved to do her duty sternly and harshly by Essy, then gradually she is melted into forgiveness, and at last, by the sorting of a drawer full of tender memories, into a reluctant happiness of expectation. Many readers will probably be disposed to think that in this one short chapter Miss Sinclair shows herself a simpler and a bigger artist than in her more subtle studies, skilful though they be.

Perch of the Devil, by Gertrude Atherton. (John Murray, 6s.)

IF a novelist, such as Miss Atherton, has the fortune to possess special knowledge of a remote and romantic part of the world, such as the Rocky Mountains, with unusual and strongly marked conditions of life such as those of mining works in the State of Montana, this novelist has an obvious advantage. Such a place, such conditions, may very well give him or her a striking subject for fiction. But Miss Atherton, as a novelist so often will in such favouring circumstances, sacrifices her advantage by clinging to a preconceived notion of what a novel should be. Instead of finding a subject in Montana, where there must be many, she takes a subject which is common to all the world, at least wherever there are "dark silent men" and women either foolish and good-hearted or clever and bad-hearted, a subject already finger-marked by a world full of novelists, and applies it to the background of Montana in the hope that a new setting will give freshness to a stale subject. There is no reason why the drama of Gregory (dark and silent) should not take place in Bayswater. Merely to tell us that it took place in Montana and that one of the women made a murderous attack on the other in a gold mine of the Rockies does not make it a novel of Montana life, a drama essentially the result of the highly remarkable conditions *là-bas*. Miss Atherton accordingly has missed her excellent chance of writing such a novel. True, she prodigally enriches her background with plot and counter-plot between rival gold-diggers; but all its strangeness does not for a moment delude us into the belief that the tale of Gregory's warring passions is not as familiar to us as a circulating-library label.

The Price of Love, by Arnold Bennett. (Methuen, 6s.)

IT may, perhaps, be said that the same objection applies to *The Price of Love*. Here the story in itself is simply that there are more ways than one of stealing a bundle of bank-notes and of finally confessing to the theft: as, for instance, a strong way and a weak way; and that true love may find it more difficult to forgive the timid self-deceit of weakness than the determination of strength. There is no reason, except that Mr. Bennett is telling the story, why it should take place in the Five Towns. But Mr. Bennett, conscious that he is describing an anecdote, not composing a drama typical of his Five Towns, keeps them entirely subordinate to the small domestic crisis he is concerned with; and at the same time, justifying his choice of the scene, he embodies the crisis in a set of figures typical in all their being of the provincial manufacturing world. This crisis, singularly ill-baptised by the melodramatic name of the book, is most ingeniously worked out in Mr. Bennett's manner. That manner consists in creeping so quietly forward through an accumulation of detail that the surprising events, when they happen, happen with as little theatricality as getting up in the morning. Rachel's discovery that inasmuch as she loves the elegant and weak-natured Louis she must pay for her love by accepting the meanness of his dishonesty, is made, as such discoveries are made, without any sensational violence. The book is slight and simple enough compared with Mr. Bennett's more ambitious work, and as usual he prepares and leads up to the climax far better than he treats the climax itself. But it is an attractive tale, and though it has further postponed the long-expected marriage of Clayhanger, it fits the interval very pleasantly.

Spragge's Canyon, by H. A. Vachell. (Smith, Elder.)

TO anyone who retains tender memories of the reading of his boyhood the word "canyon" has a beautiful and romantic sound. It brings back

Kingston or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave.

So that it is with the old indefinable and mysterious thrill that we open Mr. Vachell's book. His characters have many exciting adventures of a wild Western type, but they are grown-up and realistic; they do not talk the old romantic language. They constantly say "Yep," and talk of "locating" and "making good," and the hero has his photograph and that of a condor he has captured put in a Sunday edition of a San Francisco paper. It is an open question whether they are the better for their realism. When Bill Sykes yelled at his pursuers "Wolves tear your throats" he talked as no human burglar ever did, but he is the greatest burglar in the world for all that. Perhaps, however, it is unfair to Mr. Vachell to be a little dis-

appointed with him, because of our private and sentimental memories. He knows the art of telling a story, and is vigorous, alive and exciting; he gets over the ground at an unflagging pace, and he ends happily.

How Women Can Help the Wounded, by Kathleen M. Barow and Anna B. de M. Cunynghame. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ALL the "movements" in the world could not have done so much to make women realise their bond of sisterhood as has the advent of war. Young and old, rich and poor have found a common cause, one and all asking only how they can best serve their country in her time of stress. That they could do so in a very direct manner by helping the sick and wounded was obvious, and thousands are already rendering valuable service in this way. But there are many still who, confused by a multiplicity of appeals all equally urgent, still hesitate uncertain, though eager to be of use. To them we would heartily recommend this little book. In a limited space it deals clearly and concisely with every branch of the work involved: Red Cross and St. John Ambulance and their centres throughout the kingdom, clothing for the wounded, methods of raising funds, details of local work in the London boroughs, work at women's clubs, Colonial women's work, work in aid of wounded horses, and particulars about books, games and other comforts for the sick. A more useful handbook it would be impossible to conceive, nor one more urgently needed at the moment, while its modest price of 7d. places it within reach of everybody.

The Man with the Double Heart, by Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head.)

THERE is a kindness about Mrs. Sidney Coxon's new book which would ensure its friendly reception even if it were less entertaining and well constructed than it is. Briefly stated, it is the pre-nuptial career of one McTaggart, of mixed Scotch and Italian parentage, who has been informed by a specialist, afterwards discovered to be mad and also inaccurate, that he is rich in possession of two complete hearts. Confusing his physical organs with his naturally rather well developed, amorous propensities, Mr. McTaggart hesitates through two-thirds of a lively volume, now swayed by his Latin instincts towards two ladies who, although models of propriety, have little to commend them except beauty of face and form, now by his Scotch intellect towards the most lovable and natural schoolgirl we have met for a long time. The Scottish strain prevailing, he ends by marrying her, and since she combines common-sense with a humorous and affectionate disposition, and he, in spite of previous blunders, has always been well intentioned, there appears to be no reason why they should not live happily ever after. There are numerous subsidiary characters drawn with an effect of clever portraiture, and these contribute largely towards the interests of a pleasant, breezy story, which will serve as a welcome interlude amid the gloom of perpetual war news.

The Gentleman Adventurer, by H. C. Bailey. (Methuen and Co.)

WHEN Peter Hayle, our gentleman adventurer, by an accident became apprised of a dastardly plot to assassinate King William of Orange, he stumbled upon the beginnings of an experience that was to change utterly the trend of life for him. Following fast upon his discovery of this plot and a consequent attempt to withdraw himself from complicity in it, he discovers himself, through his own folly, on the way to Jamaica, there to be sold as a slave. His experiences as such do not lose in the telling by Mr. H. C. Bailey, nor yet do his exploits as a pirate and buccaneer. It is a vivid picture of the life of that time, of men brutal and primitive, courageous and inured to hardship, capable of the most extraordinary stoicism and yet not without capacity for tenderness. That Mr. H. C. Bailey has done justice to his theme and to the hearty set of rogues gathered together in these pages is a fact one would hesitate to dispute on laying aside a stirring and eventful tale.

Oh! James! by May Edginton. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE trial of James Bright, the millionaire maker of saucepans, is that he has a frugal wife who is incapable of appreciating the desire to spend upon his womankind which is the dominant passion of James' generous soul. James is an optimist, and he believes in the fundamental worth of human nature; out of the fullness of his heart he embarks upon what, to his fellows, would appear a career of guilt, and entering whole-heartedly into the farcical possibilities of a thoroughly humorous situation, the author soon has her audience hanging on her words. It is a most enjoyable tale in which the fun never flags.

Seeds of Pine, by Janey Canuck. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

IF Mrs. Janey Canuck could cast off a tendency to a somewhat scriptural style of expression it is possible her writing would be found to have benefited by the alteration, for *Seeds of Pine* is a narrative that has many qualities of lively humour and keen observation to commend it. The book's primary appeal is to Canadians or would-be Colonists, for whom the practical comments and well-balanced deductions of a woman possessed of sound common-sense and a straightforward gift for imparting her impressions of the country have interest and weight. *Seeds of Pine* makes no pretensions to being more than an easy, homely record of one who has travelled over the country she eulogises, and in whom a deep love of that country betrays itself on every hand.

Men of the Deep Waters, by William Hope Hodgson. (Eveleigh Nash.)

AN excellent collection of short stories. Mr. William Hope Hodgson has already won himself a place as a writer of ability, and in *Men of the Deep Waters* he adds to his reputation. He has a facile imagination and a knowledge of his subject that make very real the scenes he depicts. Possibly the best of these tales—which, with the exception of "The Shamraken Homeward Bounder," of unreal and impossible sentimentality, are all good—is "Through the Vortex of a Cyclone," and it compares to no disadvantage with Edgar Allan Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom," and is a fine piece of descriptive writing which shows the author at his best, depicting the terrors and rigours of the sea with a graphic power and eloquence.

FROM THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

LONGFELLOW'S pellucid and simple verse has gone out of favour for the time being, yet probably many readers will recall those lines in which he sketched gracefully and skilfully the landscape viewed from the belfry tower "As a summer morn was breaking." He looked out on a happy and prosperous land "Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours grey." Almost till yesterday

it remained, in the words of the most distinguished Belgian writer, "one of the fairest in this world with its gentle pastures." Longfellow did not dream that it would become, in the same writer's phrase, "one vast field of horror." In the middle of last century the atmosphere was laden with ideals of progress and enlarged humanity; it was inconceivable that the future was to bring to Belgium "the foulest invader that the world has ever borne." To the poet the future was bright with a promise that gilded with romance even the horrors of the past. And so he called up in delightful



From a Drawing

"THE BELFRY OLD AND BROWN."

By Andrew F. Affleck.

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vision "the dear dead women" and valiant men whose lives and deeds had invested with interest every inch of that fair champaign lying round the belfry of "the quaint old Flemish city."

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

Bruges in 1477 as Countess of Flanders and the richest heiress in Europe. The phrase "her lighted bridal-chamber" refers to her morganatic marriage to the Archduke Maximilian. The "Battle of the Spurs of Gold" took place on July 11th, 1302, and was so called from the number of gold spurs picked up on the battlefield afterwards. Seven hundred of them were hung up in the Church of Notre Dame de Courtray. It is the history of the towns in Belgium that brings into strong relief the extraordinary arrogance of a German Emperor who with no more excuse than that of fulfilling some vague dream of what he calls the destiny of his country, altogether sets aside the idea that any country which is smaller than his own can possibly have a mission and a future. M. Maeterlinck would undoubtedly reply to this with the proud assertion that the annals of Belgium are as illustrious as those of Germany herself.

It is to be greatly hoped that the great dramatist's righteous indictment of the invader shall force its way into the homes of those Germans who retain something of the



F. J. Mortimer.

THE MARKET PLACE OF BRUGES.

Copyright.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Every line carries its burden of history and suggests a memory that quickens into deeper hate the feelings aroused by the pollution of the land by the destroying Germans. "The Foresters of Flanders" were the early Governors appointed by the Kings of France, of whom the last Beaudoin married in Bruges Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald, whom he had carried off. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count, and the others mentioned in the same verse were Counts of Flanders. "Stately dames like queens attended" is a reference to the magnificence of the ladies of Bruges in the days of Philippe-le-Bel, whose Queen exclaimed: "Je croyais etre seule reine ici, mais il parait que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses, et des reines."

"The gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound," was Mary de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, who came to

old Teutonic uprightness, for it tears into tatters the sophisms with which the Kaiser and his Ministers have tried to cloak their brigandage. It is no inaccurate description of the Belgian people that they were "models of pure and upright family life, homes of loyal and dutiful industry, of ready, ever-smiling generosity with the natural welcome, the ever-proffered hand and the ever-opened heart." It was upon this people that the wrath of the War Lord fell. Not on Bruges alone, but from nearly all the cities of Belgium the inhabitants have been hunted out into the night. The nation, "among all nations the most attached to its simple habits, its humble homes, is at present wandering along the roads of Europe. Thousands of innocent people have been massacred, and of those which remain nearly all are doomed to poverty and hunger." These are the deeds over which rejoicings are made at Berlin.

No one of even average intelligence believes for one single second that the law-abiding and as a rule good-hearted citizens of Germany would knowingly make a public triumph over murder, robbery and violation. We know that they are misinformed and scrupulously kept from hearing the

truth. Yet it is extremely difficult for us to comprehend how a whole nation fails to recognise the hatefulness of the crimes for which Germany has been responsible. When trains come loaded with Belgian loot, when the newspapers actually gloat over what the soldiers were able to seize at

old cities and quiet peaceful homesteads. And it is not only with the historic past that the German iconoclasm has interfered. Bruges in modern times has been a happy and prosperous centre of industry. It was visited by thousands of people who loved the quaint mediæval



F. J. Mortimer.

"THE QUAINT OLD FLEMISH CITY."

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Antwerp, surely there must be some common sense among the subjects of the Kaiser which would tell them that robbery is plain robbery wherever it is committed, and that there is no possible ground except the tyrant's justification of himself which can excuse the destruction of so many fine

atmosphere of the place, the ancient look of the houses and something peculiarly fine and simple in the people; but these latter were pursuing the ordinary avocations of mankind, doing no harm to anybody, and certainly not understanding why they should be made victims of Teutonic anger.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH HOMESTEADS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There must be many of your readers who look with favour on the various Acts which Parliament has passed in regard to small holdings and allotments, and who would like to see the policy extended. Could not the extension of these Acts so as to enable men to obtain homesteads in England be made as a recognition of the services now being rendered in the fighting line by our men? This is the land for which they are fighting, yet most of them do not own an acre of it. What I would ask your readers to supply, in the first place, so as to form a groundwork to proceed upon, is a "Farm Account." What return does a farmer get from his land if he is a freeholder? I would ask especially for various opinions on the question: "How many acres of land are required to support a man and wife with three in the family?" What expenses should be reckoned for the working of as small a homestead as is required to support them and pay a sufficient return for clothing, schooling, town bills, medical fees and recreation, with something for taxes and the Savings Bank? I would throw out this suggestion as a preliminary, and hope that the discussion may broaden out so that we may begin to have a practical idea as to what should be done to enable our people to make more use of our land.—J. VAN SOMMER.

IS BRUGES UNHARMED?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of the Ostend gateway of Bruges. It will whet your readers' anxieties as to what may befall this jewel among mediæval Belgian cities. The Porte d'Ostende is one of the four gates which still



THE OSTEND GATE AT BRUGES.

keep more than a flavour of their early character. It is not pleasant to think that the long country carts—one of them appears in Mr. Arthur Marshall's photograph—are now at work bringing in produce for the Kaiser's hungry regiments. Meanwhile, there is little news of how Bruges and her buildings are faring. We may hope that, as the Louvain and Rheims policy has "failed to please" in America, Bruges may yet come through unharmed.—F. W. K.

CART-DOGS IN FRANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"G," in his very interesting article on "The Cart-dogs of Belgium" in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, expresses a doubt as to whether the use of dogs for draught purposes is, as in England, illegal in France. It was not so, at any rate, in 1908; for I well remember in the spring of that year being drawn to my bedroom window in the Hôtel d'Angleterre et de Chambord at Blois by the rattle of some swiftly moving vehicle, accompanied by shouts of encouragement, yet without any sound of horses' hoofs. I was just in time to see a small cart, in which sat the shouting driver, sweep down the approach to the fine bridge across the Loire and pass rapidly along the quay.

The team was made up of three dogs; one, I remember, was of the brown retriever type. They were doing a good seven miles an hour, and no whip was to be seen. I have not visited Belgium, and only Rotterdam and Dordrecht in Holland. In both these towns I noticed the harness-dogs particularly, being imbued with the Briton's natural prejudice against such a use of the friend of man. Nearly, if not quite, all that I saw were placed beneath the hand-carts used by bakers, milkmen and vegetable sellers, being harnessed to the axle and only *aiding* in the work. But the aid thus given was very considerable; though out of reach of their master's eye, the dogs pulled bravely at the collar, and that without any sign of distress. But the noise in the streets of Dordrecht when two or more dogs met was deafening. The dogs were mostly of the type spoken of by your contributor; much of the mastiff blood was discernible. I could see no signs of either excessive fatigue or ill-treatment, and, though a dog lover, came to the conclusion that our general English pity for dogs so employed was misplaced. Indeed, there are a good many loafing, ill-cared-for and ill-conditioned dogs in this country who might do a moderate amount of such work with benefit to themselves and others. Many of our yard dogs, so large a portion of whose lives is passed upon the chain, would probably gladly change their dull existence for the stir and incident of such light labour in some Dutch or Belgian town. Of course, such employment of dogs gives opportunities for ill-treatment, but are there no ill-treated horses in our country?—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

PRICES IN MARKET AND SHOP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have always been interested in the mysteries of the flower market at Covent Garden, and the very considerable difference between the wholesale prices obtained for flowers and the retail prices asked for them in the shops and stores. I had an opportunity to-day of seeing what these wholesale prices were, and as a matter of curiosity went round some of the various stores and large florists' shops and the smaller shops to see what the retail prices were. Roughly speaking, the difference in the cost of the wholesale rates at Covent Garden and the retail rates was well over 100 per cent. It seems strange to me that some of the big growers do not cultivate a regular weekly trade with direct purchasers such as myself. I may not spend much in flowers, but if these growers got a number of regular weekly customers who took flowers from them the best part of the year, I should think it would be a connection that was well worth their while to build up. There is no more worthy class in existence than the growers of cut flowers for the markets, and they have been very hard hit by the war, and I should like to suggest this as a possible means of obtaining better prices for their goods. Of course, the prices given are for good quality flowers, and not the stale stuff that is sold to hawkers. The following list that I compiled will, I think, be of some interest:

	Wholesale price.	Retail price.
Lilium longiflorum ..	1s. 6d. to 2s. a dozen	2s. 6d. to 3s. a dozen
Carnations ..	8d. to 1s. 6d. a dozen	1s. 6d. to 3s. a dozen
Violets ..	1s. to 2s. a dozen	2d. to 6d. a bunch
bunches		
Chrysanthemums (good quality, large blooms) ..	1s. to 2s. a dozen	3s. to 4s. a dozen
Roses ..	8d. to 1s. 3d. a dozen	2s. 9d. to 3s. a dozen
Lilies of the valley ..	8d. to 1s. a bunch	1s. 9d. to 2s. a bunch
Gardenias ..	1s. 6d. a box of about eighteen blooms	4s. a dozen
Michaelmas daisy Climax.	2s. a dozen bunches	1s. a bunch. (This would be about twice the size of a market bunch.)

—G. R.

EARLY OUTDOOR CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly give me the names of satisfactory summer chrysanthemums (not singles), coloured yellow, white, and pink?—H. TODD.

[We presume that our correspondent means chrysanthemums which flower outdoors during the latter part of August and throughout September. Good yellow varieties would be Carrie and Horace Martin. White: Well's Massie or White Massie, Roi des Blancs and Framfield Early White. The last named does not flower until the end of September, but is very good. Pink: Goacher's Pink, La Somme and L'Yonne. These are all good outdoor varieties suitable for cutting. They can be disbudded to make them produce larger flowers if desired.—Ed.]

AN ENQUIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you tell me how to get the outer crust off "silver-top" shells, leaving the pearl uninjured?—E. MACPHERSON.

OLD FOOD NOTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The general attention which is just now being drawn to the wilding food crops, useful to man and beast, of field, hedgerow and wood, reminds me of notions and true tales of my grandfather, a Midland farmer and one of many a hundred years ago. He held that everything a tree or bush produced, even to the fallen leaf, was good and useful and intended as helpful to man. He visited his stock and stackyards each night and morning, the peck-holding pockets of his outer coat stuffed with titbits for kine, horse, sheep and pigs, besides a skepful in his hands. To the cows he gave two, three or more crab-apples, believing that they helped the cows to yield more and sweeter milk, that the same fruit acted as a fair medium for all his stock,

keeping them in good order inwardly and so outwardly. Acorns and beech-mast were collected with the same idea of goodly usefulness, and it was the same with most other wild fruits. His concoctions of pumpkins and other mixed fruit pies, when well made, were something to taste and remember afterwards, and in the details he was well helped by his wife and many daughters. He held that the top early growths of many herbs and vegetables, in particular the first early growths of bracken, made as good boilings as the best of the cabbage and kale family. Many of the old notions are now well worth knowing, as such were in the war times of a hundred years ago.—SENEX.

GREAT BLACK-BACK GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a tame great black-back gull. He is now four years old, and we have had him ever since he was a few days old. In fact, we have two of them; the other one is very good tempered and takes no notice either of us or the dogs. The same cannot be said of the one in the photograph, as his temper is awful! Directly he sees us coming



HURLING HIMSELF ON THE FOE.



A REAR ATTACK.

directly he hears her voice he is ready for the fray. She always has to go "armed," generally with a broom, which he attacks furiously. If she is ever caught unarmed, it means either a torn skirt or bleeding ankle. The dogs all run for their lives when they see him coming! He is certainly complete master of the piece of garden he lives in.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

TO GET RID OF STARLINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I incline to believe that starlings may be easily, and for some time completely, got rid of as follows: (1) When they are all fast asleep scare them out with shots or any other noise. The darker the night the better. (2) Do it again next night. (3) I doubt whether any (3) will be necessary. But if a starling is like the rest of us, to be scared to death, driven abroad in the dark, and compelled to seek in it for any sort of perch, two nights running will be quite enough to induce him to find more salubrious lodgings. But anyhow to have to undergo this three nights in succession will, I feel sure, be more than mortal starling could stand. Will your correspondent M. Thornton try it and let us know the result?—D. O.

A QUICK-GROWING EVERGREEN SCREEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you will tell me what you consider the most suitable evergreen to plant to form a screen 7ft. high as quickly as possible in clay soil. The site is partly shaded by trees. It is desired to plant well established stock, so as to form a screen as high as possible at once, and the stock should be easily procurable and not unduly expensive. The article in your issue of February 14th this year hardly gives me the information I want.—M. L. W.

[Taking everything into consideration, we do not think our correspondent could plant anything better than the broad-leaved privet. This is cheap, quick growing, easily obtainable, and large plants can be successfully transplanted. It is evergreen unless we get a very severe winter, when it would probably shed a good many leaves. A more ornamental screen would be one composed of Berberis Aquifolium, but this would be more expensive and slower growing, though not unduly so. It would certainly be preferable, so far as appearance is concerned, to the privet.—ED.]

WOODY NIGHTSHADE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly tell me through the columns of COUNTRY LIFE what the enclosed is called, and whether it is poisonous to horses and cattle?—F. M. POWELL.

[The portion of plant sent by our correspondent is that of the woody nightshade or bittersweet, Solanum Dulcamara. The fruits of this are generally considered to be poisonous to animals and human beings, but there does not appear to be any reliable data available on the point. This plant must not be confused with the so-called deadly nightshade, Atropa Belladonna, a British plant belonging to the same Natural Order as the solanums, and the berries of which are very poisonous.—ED.]

AN AUTUMN SCENE IN WESTMORLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A strange, deep booming note, like the buzz of some monstrous bee, vibrated through the valley mists and drew us up the brae to investigate its



MODERN THRESHING.

be an injury. One day my sister drove him away from tearing down a rose tree off the wall; ever since that, which is over a year ago, he has looked upon her as a bitter enemy, and

origin. This turned out to be a threshing machine (or, rather, the boom emanated from the machine's fan). The annual arrival of the threshing machine in our remote dale is deemed a great event, and not unjustly so, for the task of the traction engine in mounting the rough and steep cart road to its goal (900ft. above the sea) is no mean one. And in the smoke grey autumnal atmosphere the scene was, perhaps, worth a snapshot, a copy of which I send herewith.—WESTMORLAND.

ORNAMENTAL BIRDS FOR AN ENCLOSURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to recommend to "Country Life," whose enquiry I have read in COUNTRY LIFE of October 10th, the cygnus or Anser cygnoides, both for their handsome plumage and for their quaint, fascinating ways and movements. I used to keep them on clay soil in North Berks, and found them also very useful in pulling up and eating the roots of buttercups and plantains, and excellent for table when young, dressed as cygnets. They are very hardy; and the surplus birds were sold at from 2s. 6d. to £1 1s., according to age, etc. Having now only a very limited range, I generally rear only what I need; but should your correspondent have any difficulty, I believe I have one or two to spare, and should be glad to hear from him, but I think they are easily to be had.—A SMALL HOLDER.

CREAM THAT WILL NOT WHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me why our cream will not whip? We get excellent milk and cream from a farm near by, but the cook always says the cream will not whip. It is not scalded cream, and the people at the farm do not use a separator. I shall be most grateful if you can suggest a reason and a remedy.—M. PERKINS, Chagford.

[Cream will not whip if it is too thin. To be whipped it must always be thick. Cream at this time of year gets thinner naturally, and perhaps the cows at the farm are not Channel Island or South Devons, in which case the cream would not be very suitable for whipping.—ED.]

THE WAR AND MIGRATION.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Has the war retarded migration? The terrific cannonade now going on on the Continent, the furious bombardment of Antwerp, Louvain and Rheims, to say nothing of the roar of loud artillery in East Prussia and Austria may possibly have diverted or retarded the movements of birds on their migratory courses. A curious effect is noticeable in the Midland Shires, where, although redwings and fieldfares have arrived some time ago, swallows and martins are loath to leave.—TOM GLOSTER.

THE ROOF APPLE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Though born and brought up in Herefordshire, one of our foremost fruit-producing counties, I have had to visit a Scottish village to find what is, in my experience at least, a unique sight, namely, apples growing on the roof of a house. The enclosed photograph is of a cottage in the Haddingtonshire village of Tynninghame, not far from North Berwick, where we have just been staying, and near the lamentable ruins of Whitekirk's noble church. As clearly shown in the photograph, the tree grows up the wall in three main stems, the branches, leaves and fruit being wholly on the roof. The fruit does not appear very clearly in the picture, but there was



ECONOMISING THE ROOF.

Bushey Royal Park deeply engrossed in picking up acorns. In the autumn, when the acorns begin to ripen, the deer assemble under the oak trees and dart forward as they hear the familiar patter of the fruit on the ground, baked hard this year by the drought. At all times the fallow deer is inclined to keep closer to the woods than does the red species, and this trait is the



A LITTLE BIT SHY.

still a fair crop on when I saw it, while many had been picked. They were a large green cooking apple, but the owner did not know the name.—A. O. C.

A CLIMBING STOAT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was very interested in your correspondent's ("S. T.") letter about a climbing stoat. Oddly enough, I have seen the same thing to-day. Observing a stoat in some grass, I approached, when it ran up a hawthorn tree, although there was ample room to escape along the ground. For some time it could not be seen in the tree, hiding most successfully, but eventually it was found, and received the happy dispatch.—J. R.

FALLOW DEER IN BUSHEY PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying illustration (No. 2) shows a herd of fallow deer in Bushey Royal Park deeply engrossed in picking up acorns. In the autumn, when the acorns begin to ripen, the deer assemble under the oak trees and dart forward as they hear the familiar patter of the fruit on the ground, baked hard this year by the drought. At all times the fallow deer is inclined to keep closer to the woods than does the red species, and this trait is the more noticeable when a meal of acorns is being devoured. It is also observable that the fallow bucks associate with one another rather freely until the antlers lose their "velvet." But when the rutting season commences, in October, the antlers become formidable weapons both of offence and defence. One may detect at long distances the unmelodious grunt or bark of the fighting males, while at nearer quarters the familiar clash of the palmated antlers makes itself heard. A special feature of the fallow deer (*Cervus dama*) is the variability of its colour. Typically, the coat is wainscot brown, with large white spots, but there are gradations of the ground colour, ranging through dusky brown and fawn to a dull grey. At the other end of the scale we find very dark varieties, such as "the old Forest breed"—the so-called "black deer" of Epping Forest. In addition to these variations there is the winter transformation, when the white spots almost disappear, and the hide tends to a uniform brownish-grey colour. The black line down the back, reaching to the upper part of the tail, is, however, still retained. No. 1 exemplifies the tameness of the Bushey Park herd. A buck is being tempted to eat, and has approached very near to the stranger. In Greenwich Park the species is still tamer; we have seen them come up to a picnic party and eat banana skins greedily, varying the repast with a mouthful or two of paper.—JESSE PACKHAM.



A FEAST OF ACORNS.